

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,576

FEBRUARY 10, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

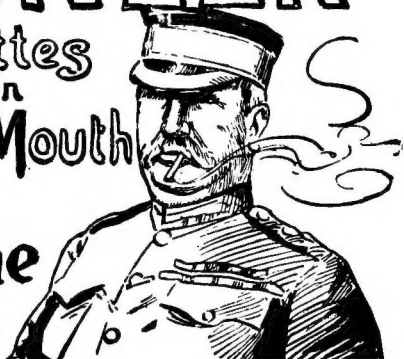
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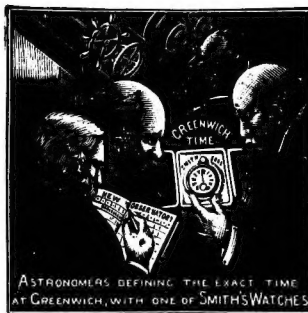
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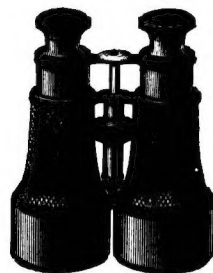
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THE MORNING POST says:—

Every one who knows anything of journalism is aware of the axiom which states that the production of a good first number is an impossibility. The idea of the editor may be excellent, and may be destined to make his journal universally popular; he may have gifted and devoted colleagues, and sufficient money may be placed at his command to enable him to secure the co-operation of all the makers of pictures and stories and poems for whom the public cares. The fact remains that he has nearly always to sit down just before the paper goes to press and write a little apology for the ladsness of the number, with a solemn promise to do better in the future. The editor is to be congratulated on the skill with which he has proved, in producing the first number of *THE SPHERE*, that even this rule is capable of having an exception. The paper bears none of the marks by which a first number is generally known. It is full of drawings and photographs, which are of the greatest interest to a public that cares nowadays for little save news and pictures of the war. It contains a poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy, a story by Mr. E. W. Hornung, and a variety of clever articles. It is—and to those who have been concerned with illustrated journalism this statement will be the most astounding of all—even well printed, though it would puzzle any printer to do bad work on the excellent paper which is used. *THE SPHERE* is already one of the leading illustrated papers of the metropolis, and it is safe to prophesy that it will soon be as widely known as any of its kind.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, not less generous in its appreciation than its contemporaries, says:—

THE SPHERE, if we may judge from the first number, is likely to prove a valuable addition to the ranks of the illustrated weeklies, the increasing popularity and excellence of which have been most remarkable in recent years. No pains have been spared in its production, and its ideal is a high one, for its editor boldly proclaims that "in our Sphere all other spheres will be included," and we are also told that "*THE SPHERE* stands for England, the mother of Parliaments, the giver of free institutions to half the world; and for the English-speaking race, the countrymen of Shakespeare and Scott, of Longfellow and Goldsmith—the makers of a literature and language that can never die." Alike in its illustrations and letterpress the newcomer is excellent. There is an abundance of photographs from the seat of war, portraits of the heroes of the campaign, and vivid sketches of some of its most exciting incidents. There are also admirable portraits of the late Mr. John Ruskin and Dr. Martineau, and several good literary articles in addition to the crisp paragraphs in which the chief events of the week are dealt with. As "an illustrated newspaper for the home," which it justly claims to be, *THE SPHERE* is certain to meet with the generous recognition it deserves.

THE GLOBE says:—

It is not often nowadays that a newspaper can be said to make a real success with its first number. That *THE SPHERE* has done so is beyond question, and it will, as far as can be seen, fill a place which is taken by no existing paper. It is well written, well illustrated, and well printed.

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER says:—

It may be at once said that in all-round interest *THE SPHERE* is easily first among all rivals. First numbers are usually very bad. This first number is entitled to unstinted praise.

Mr. THOMAS HARDY writes:—

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Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON writes:—

THE SPHERE is a most happy combination of the literary and artistic with the merely pleasing. It is by long odds the best first number of its kind that has appeared during the brief space of which I can speak; and if its early promise is maintained, I can safely prophesy a brilliant future for it.

Miss MARIE CORELLI, the distinguished novelist, writes from Stratford-on-Avon:—
Accept my heartiest congratulations on *THE SPHERE*. It is an admirable piece of work.

Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., writes from Westgate-on-Sea:—

I feel that I must write you a few lines to offer you my cordial congratulations on the splendid success of *THE SPHERE*'s first number. The illustrations reach the highest point that our illustrated art has yet touched, and the literary matter is in style, in variety, and in appropriate interest far above the level of the ordinary illustrated paper. In truth, your first number is the only rival its successors are likely to have.

Mr. J. S. WOOD, Editor of *The GENTLEWOMAN*, writes:—

THE SPHERE is the greatest achievement among first numbers in pictorial journalism that I have known.

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON writes:—

THE SPHERE is unquestionably the finest thing in illustrated journalism which London has yet seen. It is beyond all things a pleasing paper, and one handles it with the same pleasure that one takes up a finely produced book or a work of art.

Mr. ARTHUR HUTCHINSON, Editor of *The WINDSOR MAGAZINE*, writes:—
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GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, Adj.-Gen., writes:—

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Mr. HALL CAINE writes from Rome:—

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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,576.—VOL. LXI.
Registered as a Newspaper] EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1900

WITH THREE EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS:
"The War," "Into the Jaws of Death," and
"The 21st Lancers"

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DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

The plucky resistance made by the garrison at Mafeking has excited much admiration. The cheerful messages that reach the outer world from Colonel R. S. Baden-Powell, commanding the forces in the beleaguered little town, show the spirit in which the garrison meets its troubles. The Kaffir boys in the town seem to enjoy thoroughly the work that falls to their lot, and that is watching for the enemy's shells.

Perched on a wall, they wait for the flash of the discharge, and then ring a hand-bell as a warning. The boys, by practice, appear to know from the sound of each shot in which direction it is going, and they do not leave their perch except for a very close shell.

WAR'S ALARM: KAFFIR BOYS WATCHING FOR THE ENEMY'S SHELLS IN MAFEKING

Topics of the Week

THE debate on the Address has been a source of disappointment and even of irritation to the country. With very few exceptions, the speeches fell lamentably below the level of public feeling; but what was still more regrettable was the obvious predominance of party spirit in Parliament at a time of grave national crisis. None the less, the debate has not been unconstructive. If it has shown that in some things the Government has been a little too sanguine, and perhaps even a little negligent of very elementary precautions, it has also demonstrated—and this is certainly its most conspicuous lesson—that we should have been infinitely worse off had the management of affairs been in the hands of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues. However defective the military preparations of the Government, they have, at any rate, proved adequate to check the Boer invasion within a very few miles of the frontiers. Would even this result have been achieved had a Liberal Government been in power? It is very clear, from the speeches of men like Sir Robert Reid, who represent the real feelings rather than the tactics of the Opposition, that it would not. We were told by these gentlemen that the crime of the Government consists in having sent out troops before the war began. But what would have happened had they not done so? There can be no doubt that in that case the whole of Natal would have been overrun, and, perhaps, also the larger part of Cape Colony, and that the task before us to-day would have been one of much greater magnitude than it is. It is true that the Opposition contend that had troops not been sent out there would have been no war at all, that there never was a *casus belli*, and that the Boers have always been models of docility and rectitude. This, however, only makes their claim to public consideration worse, for it shows how utterly incapable they are of grasping the elements of a problem fraught with the gravest danger to the Empire. Do they mean to contend that President Kruger ever had any intention of granting the franchise to the Uitlanders? If they do, perhaps they will explain his refusal to modify the illusory Bill he offered us last July. To imagine that that measure was ever honestly intended is not only to misconstrue the meaning of tolerably plain English, but also to ignore the policy implied by the long series of previous Bills by which for years the Uitlanders were deliberately and of set purpose kept out of the franchise. But, perhaps, had the Liberals been in office they would have refused to raise the franchise question at all. Whether such a course would have been altogether in harmony with Liberal principles need not be discussed; but what is absolutely certain is that such an abstention would not have preserved the peace. The story of the Raid is quite sufficient to show that the Uitlander question could no longer be ignored by any British Government without peril to the peace of South Africa. We had to choose between British and Dutch, and we could not leave things as they were without alienating the British. On the other hand, it is now very clear, from the armaments of the Transvaal, that we could not obtain justice for the Uitlander without war. We do not deny that the policy of the Opposition might have avoided war with the Transvaal, but it would not have made for the peace of South Africa, and in the end it would assuredly have lost us our colonies in that region.

THE news that Russia has agreed to lend a large sum of money to the Persian Government on the security of the Persian Customs must undoubtedly be accepted as a check to British influence. It has long been the avowed policy of Russia to extend her influence over Persia, and it has equally been the policy of Great Britain to oppose that influence. For the greater part of the century representatives of the two Powers have wrangled with one another at the Court of the Shah, sometimes Russia getting the upper hand, and sometimes England. Where the real balance lies at any given moment it is impossible to say, for in an Oriental Court—as in a democratic country—the position of parties may be completely changed in a few weeks. Moreover, it often happens that behind the apparent supremacy of one interest

subtle influences, of the backsheesh order, are at work in the opposing interest, and are effecting their objects in perfect silence. The causes that lie at the back of this eternal rivalry of England and Russia at the Court of the Shah are simple enough. Russia wishes to expand her territory southwards over Persia, partly for the sake of securing the valuable Northern Provinces, and probably still more for the sake of gaining access to the Indian Ocean. This second object, England would be compelled to resist most strenuously. The creation of a Russian naval station on the Persian Gulf, in direct land communication with the whole of Russia, would be a greater danger to India than a Russian occupation of Constantinople. As to Northern Persia we have no direct interest in its fate, beyond the general desire that the dominions of the Shah shall be kept intact. As long as Persia can hold together as a more or less compact kingdom it serves the purpose of a buffer State, and it is therefore our policy to resist Russian aggression even in Northern Persia. We shall have to realise, however, that in Persia, as in China, a purely negative attitude is hopeless. If we wish to keep out Russian influence in order to prevent Russian annexation, we must frankly undertake the responsibility of trying to extend our own influence by means of greater commercial enterprise. Unfortunately some of our past efforts in this direction have not been very happy. The hateful tobacco monopoly which Sir Henry Drummond Wolf and an English company tried to fasten upon Persia is likely long to be remembered to the disadvantage of Great Britain.

WITH so many nations biting their thumbs at poor little England, it is pleasant, by way of a change, to learn that the Negus refuses to take part in the hostile display. Although egged on by his French and Russian visitors to give a chilly reception to the British Mission which reached Adis Abeba about three months ago, Menelik gave it a most hospitable reception, and quite outdid the civilities generally bestowed on foreign envoys to his august Court. Nor did his courtesies end there; so well pleased was he with the proposals made to him on behalf of England that he entrusted an envoy with exceptionally rich gifts for presentation to Her Majesty. Although Abyssinian friendship cannot be of much worth to England outside North Eastern Africa, it may some day be of great value in that sphere of British interest. Conterminous with the Soudan, and with the northern part of the Uganda Protectorate, and inhabited by an essentially warlike and stalwart race, the ancient Ethiopia must always count for an important factor in relationship to the Upper Nile Valley and the great lake region. All the more so, too, when two European Powers of the first rank are almost ostentatiously endeavouring to make use of Abyssinia as a pinpricking implement against England. Happily, the King of Kings is far too much of a statesman to fall into such a palpable trap. He neither has nor intends to have a dispute with Great Britain; the prowess of her fighting men has delivered him from the great and standing peril of a Dervish invasion, and his intelligent mind recognises, no doubt, that it would not only be ungrateful but the height of folly to bring his kingdom under the Thor's hammer which smashed the Khalifa even as previously it had smashed his predecessor, King Theodoros. Magdala and Omdurman are names to conjure with at Adis Abeba; perchance that of Fashoda may be added to complete the charm.

Friendly
Abyssinia

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

WHEN we were luxuriating in that long spell of splendid weather we had during the summer and autumn, there were gloomy pessimists who wagged the head and said sadly, "Ah! we shall have to pay for this by and by!" And the gloomy pessimists were once in a way right. We have had to pay for it, and since the beginning of the year we have had to pay for it to a pretty good tune. It is a long time since we have experienced such dull, disagreeable weather. We have had the worst kind of fogs, the most searching of sleet, the most bitter of East winds, the most choking of atmospheres, the slushiest of streets and the gloomiest of skies. The sun appears to have retired from business altogether, and electric-light seem to reign in its stead, and the only time when you become at all comfortable is in the evening when the curtains are drawn and obscure all meteorological misery outside, and bask in the warmth and geniality of a roaring fire. This kind of weather is very awkward, because you get up at the wrong time in the morning, and the darkness makes you uncertain of the time of day. Surely this kind of thing will not last much longer. I think it will soon come to an end. Tell you why. I went to my tailor's the other day, and ordered a new thick winter overcoat. It will be home shortly, and by that time I venture to prophesy we shall have nice, genial, mild, spring weather.

It is satisfactory to find that at last the London County Council propose to take some action with regard to the newspaper-shout. For years past I have been endeavouring to get something done on the matter without success. There is no reason whatever for the existence of the evil, because it does not help the newspapers in the least. You always find those vendors who do not shout, but all sell the most papers. The by-law under consideration by the L.C.C. runs thus: "No person shall for the purpose of hawk, sell or advertising any newspaper, call or shout in any street, as to cause annoyance to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The penalty to be a fine not exceeding 40s. for any offence against the by-law." This seems to be simple and comprehensive. The L.C.C., in addition to this, only enact some regulation which suppress the open-air Salvation Army demonstrations and the whistlers, they will undoubtedly earn our everlasting gratitude.

There is no doubt the year 1900 is a nuisance in many ways. It is a very great nuisance on account of the arguments it provokes with regard to the new century and the old, and it is even a great worry in writing the date. One is everlastingly writing 18—, and then pausing and making the necessary alteration. Countless schemes have been proposed for abbreviating the year in writing, but none of them seem to be very efficacious. Here is an entire novel suggestion. Write the figures 19 with a dash above them and a red. Do you see how this would work out? No? Well, just think! Give it up? Why, *Nineteen and a red* to be sure! Spelling may be a little faulty and an aspirate gone wrong, and you would have to use two different inks. But still there is an originality about the suggestion that ought to make it popular. Don't you think so?

In humorous comment on the "Bystander" note with regard to the inefficiency of fire-irons, and their total inadequacy to cope with the requirements of the modern hearth, the *Sim* concludes by saying: "We would remind him that the poker has hitherto proved quite adequate to its normal task of domestic correction without bringing in other weapons." Dear me! That is a phase of the subject that never occurred to me. What with my old broadsword, my long hammer, and my forceps, in addition to increasing the weight and stability of the ordinary fire-irons, I find I have been quite unconsciously introducing a somewhat dangerous armoury into private life to which everyone will be inclined to fly on the slightest provocation. It is perfectly fearful to think what tragedies may be enacted on the domestic hearth-rug in consequence of my innocent suggestion. My arguments will be concluded by a rush to the fender, and the variety of weapons there assembled will enable the disputants to fight the matter out to the bitter end.

Some months ago, when some rather forcible remarks appeared in this column with regard to the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, reported to be in peril in consequence of the Central London Railway tunnel, I was informed I was a frivolous alarmist, and was making a silly fuss about nothing. But it appears that those who know a great deal more about it than I do regard the matter somewhat seriously. The Fabric Committee, according to the *City Press*, reported to the Vestry the other day that "further cracks had appeared, but that there was no immediate danger. Directions were given for the careful watching of the fabric, and the obtaining of proper compensation in due course. In the meantime the Vestry were advised that the bells should not be rung." When the bells are not allowed to be rung in a church tower, one may conclude that the fabric itself is not so stable as one could desire, and everything in the report above alluded to goes to show that I had considerable cause for alarm when I last wrote upon the subject. It is high time some energetic protest was made against the undermining the foundations of our City. The cracks in the tower of St. Mary-le-Bow are a serious warning, and if no heed is taken of it we may possibly have to endure an even more serious catastrophe.



Last week the Prince of Wales inspected another contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry, and the Honourable Artillery Company's battery of the City of London Imperial Volunteers, at the Albany Barracks. The Yeomanry consisted of a company of the Hertfordshire Yeomanry and a company of the Loyal Suffolk Hussars. Lord Chesham was in command of the Yeomanry, and Major McKicking of the H.A.C. detachment. The Prince of Wales, after his inspection, addressed the men, and then shook hands with the officers. At the call of Lord Chesham, cheers were heartily given for the Prince. Our photograph is by the Standard Photo Company.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FRONT

The Court

THE military element still predominates at Osborne, for nearly all the Queen's guests this week have been Army officials, while the Princesses are absorbed in duties connected with the war and its victims. Lord Wolseley was at Osborne for one night, crossing over in a heavy snowstorm to have audience of Her Majesty, and several officers were invited to meet him at dinner. Then Princess Beatrice has taken leave of the detachment of her regiment—the 5th Volunteer Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, Isle of Wight, Princess Beatrice's—on their departure for the front. Another day Princess Beatrice, with Princess Christian and her daughter, went over to Netley Hospital to pay a second visit to the wounded returned from the front, while a further proof of Princess Beatrice's sympathy with the suffering was her visit to Southampton to open a new wing of the Royal South Hants Infirmary. Now Prince Louis of Battenberg has joined the Royal party in the Isle of Wight.

There can be little variety in the now frequent Royal farewells to the parting troops, so that the Prince of Wales's inspection of another contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry at Albany Street Barracks closely followed the lines of its predecessor a week earlier. The Prince went back for the week's end to Sandringham, where a small house party assembled, including the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. The Prince and Princess's guests left on Monday, when the Prince returned to town to fulfil various engagements. Next week the Princess comes up to accompany the Prince to the entertainment organised by Mrs. Arthur Paget in aid of the widows and orphans of the Household Troops. Other Royalties will be present, the entertainment taking place at Her Majesty's Theatre and the performers consisting of well-known members of Society. Detachments of Guards will be stationed about the theatre, and the Masque of Peace and War, which forms the principal item of the programme, is expected to provide a beautiful spectacle.

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FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER, SENT BY A RUNNER TO RUAWAO
position to capture the chief while it was yet lambing and trampling along the river and although
Chavez
THE SCENE OF MAKING RACING AFTER A SEEN
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.A.
The people are all so as it turned to go to the shell (writes an officer in Marikino) that they
which were early and left and returned to the river. Some time ago I had a good deal of
shell comes along and there is great competition to capture it. One fell the other day between the
were not surprised one of the boys, and there was an exciting race between the occupants of both
CHAVEZ



The officer who sent us this sketch writes:—"This water-colour was picked up after the defeat of the Boers at the Battle of Graspán. It represents the Boer guns in position on the kopje which was charged by the Naval Brigade, and in which it lost so heavily. The plan below, bare and level, across which the British force advanced, is well shown, with small station of Graspán and the armoured train in advance. The sketch was evidently made by a Boer on the morning of the battle and thrown into an ambulance when they retreated."

AN INTERESTING SOUVENIR OF THE BATTLE OF GRASPÁN



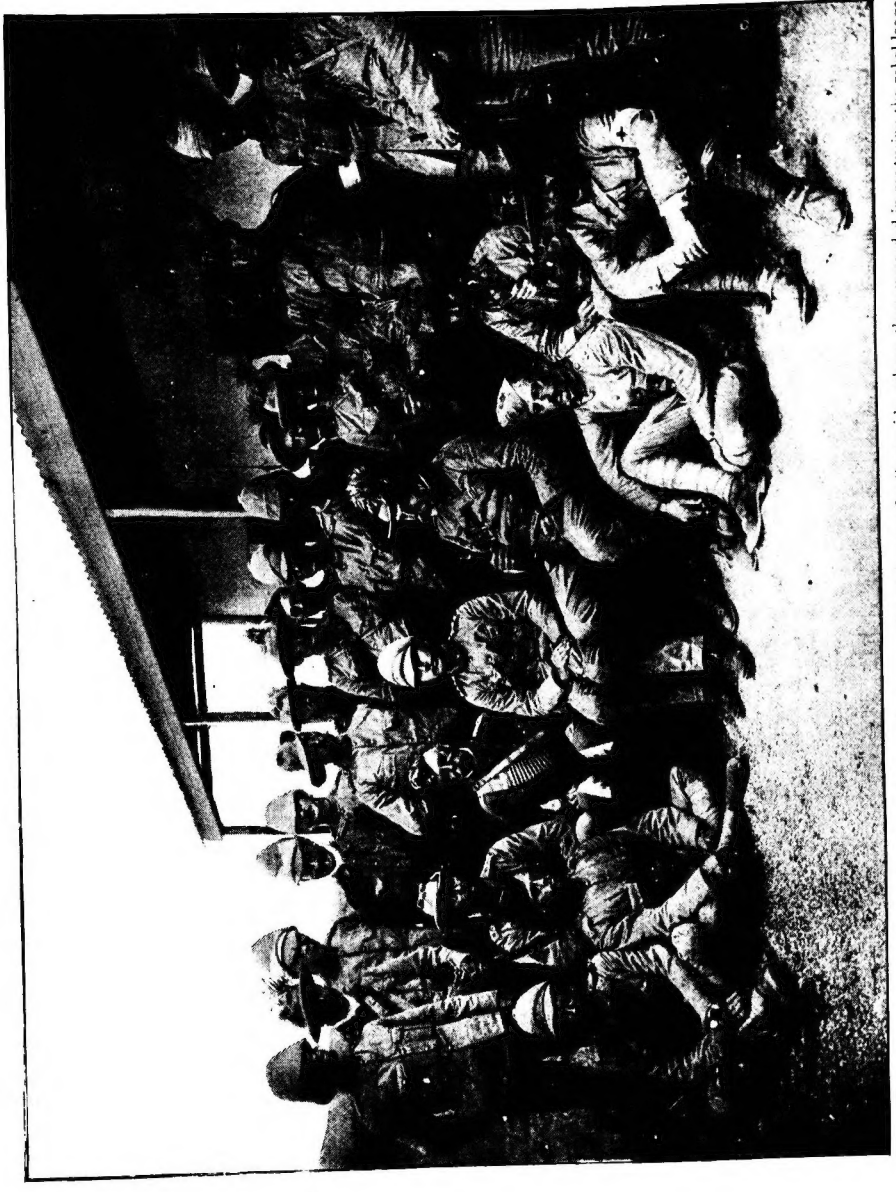
Colonel Watson, with four companies of the Suffolk Regiment, obtained permission to occupy an important hill commanding the road to Coleberg Bridge. They marched to the hill and took up a position. The Boers appeared in force from the east front and opened fire. A cry of "Retire" was raised by someone, and about two-thirds of our men retired. The remainder held the position for a time, but were outnumbered and surrendered. Colonel Watson was killed. Our photograph, which is by J. E. Burton, shows the men performing the sorrowful duty of burying the dead after the engagement.

AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT AT PINK HILL: BURYING THE DEAD



When first we took Modder River, the local farmers were welcomed inside the camp, and there is very little doubt that in consequence the Boers knew every move contemplated. Orders were therefore issued excluding all civilians from the lines, so a market is held outside the line of our posts every morning, and no one is permitted through. There milk and vegetables can be purchased at exorbitant prices, the inhabitants, whose sympathies are Boer, making all they can out of our men. Our photograph is by our special photographer, Reinhold Thiele.

WITH LORD METHUEN'S FORCE: OUR MARKET AT THE PICKET LINE ON THE MODDER RIVER



On December 31, Colonel Pilcher 1st Belmont with some 400 Colonial troops for Sunnyside, where they succeeded in capturing the rebel laager and taking forty prisoners. The prisoners are undergoing a civil trial at Cape Town, as being British subjects, they are rebels. In the centre of this group is Colonel Pilcher, with Colonel Ricardo, of the New Zealand Mounted Infantry, on his left, and Major Bailey on his right. Our photograph is by our special photographer, Reinhold Thiele.

THE HEROES OF SUNNYSIDE: COLONEL PILCHER AND HIS OFFICERS



DRAWN BY C. E. FRIPP

The engine-driver Flowerday gave the following graphic account of the Kraaipan affair:—
He states that the armoured train was preceded by a pilot engine, which he was driving, and that the armoured train was preceded by a pilot engine, which he was driving, and that the armoured train was preceded by a pilot engine, which he was driving.

An attempt was made to get the engine back on to the line, but this was found to be impossible, and the party, which included a platoon of soldiers, set out to drive the engine back on to the line. The engine was driven back on to the line, but it was found to be impossible to get it back on to the line, and the party was forced to abandon the attempt.

FROM A SKETCH BY J. EMERSON NEILLY (DELETED IN TRANSMISSION)
The firing continued for a considerable time, but the men inside the armoured train were not killed. The engine was driven back on to the line, but it was found to be impossible to get it back on to the line, and the party was forced to abandon the attempt.

BOERS CAPTURING THE ARMOURD TRAIN NEAR KRAAIPAN



"Halt there where ye stand, or prepare forthwith to meet your Maker!" exclaimed a voice stern as the law and all the prophets"

THE FITTING OF THE PEATS

By S. R. CROCKETT. Illustrated by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

CHAPTER IV.

A LESSON IN ARCHITECTURE

BELL told herself that she liked to flout this sobersides of a cavalier, because he took every saucy saying with a little quick glint of the head which showed him unaccustomed to be so treated by any woman. And ever as soon as she had got in her shot, she knelt down and fell to fitting peats with much becoming earnestness and innocence. Adam Home was longer this time in finding anything to say in reply.

At last he broke silence, as if he had finished reviewing the whole affair.

"Nay, Mistress Bell," he said, "I sincerely thank you for your good and courteous offer. It is well intended. But I am sure that Glenmorrison would never agree to it. It would not consort well with the spirit of a gentleman."

Bell looked up sharply.

"Doth it consort with the spirit of a gentleman to stand with his thumbs in his pocket holes while a girl fits peats on her knees?"

Again there came over the grave face the startled look which she had so quickly learned to try for as a sufficient reward.

"My dear lady," he cried, with a quick change of mood, "I have a thousand pardons. To my undying shame I had not perceived your occupation, so intent was I on yourself and my stretched affairs. Permit me—"

He knelt down beside her, and at the first attempt succeeded in knocking over no less than five of the "fittings" which Bell had been engaged so busily in constructing before his arrival, and which she had persevered with in spite of so many interruptions.

The girl gave a little cry of horror on thus beholding her work undone.

"Hold—hold!" she cried, "you mistake. These are not nine-pins. This is Millwharchar peat moor, not a skittle alley. That is the way to fit peats, but thus—and thus."

And seizing his wrists she showed him how to take the first peat, and fit it anglewise on its stronger base, face and balance it with a third, buttress it with a third, and finally, having built a fort after the manner of stooked sheaves in a harvest field, how to put the all-important "crown" upon the work—"to turn the rain," as Bell explained technically.

"Now," she said, "take care that you do it exactly right after this, and when you turn round see that you knock no more of my 'fittings' down, or else they will say—What blundering bullock has been among the peats?"

"Tis the first time that ever I was called a blundering bullock," said the young man starting half round as on a pivot at her speech.

"It will not be the last if you do not keep more watch over your feet," said the girl with a vicious click of her pretty teeth; "pray endeavour to finish one fair job without whirling round every moment like a teetotum."

The young man worked a while in silence, feeling a little sullen at being thus thwarted and tantalised by one whom he had thought to be no more than an ignorant pretty maiden of the country. But Bell's saucily unconscious air of command piqued him, and he resolved to excel in the occupation to which he had been set.

It was not long before she looked again.

"Ah, that is better—much better," she cried, sitting up on her own knees and letting the wide summer bonnet fall back from her head, so that the latter stood out against the sky with a certain comely and shapely determination. Adam Home thought he had never seen the like anywhere before.

He did not feel the necessity of leaving the country to be so pressing or immediate as it had been.

But he was to be quickly and somewhat unpleasantly reminded of the duty on which he had come. For at the very moment when Bell had again taken his wrist to help him with a "fitting" of peats whose moist slipperiness prevented them from being easily "set," a shadow fell between them, and there within three yards stood the figure of a man, silently, and as it appeared somewhat contemptuously, regarding their occupation. Bell's first instinct was to start up to her feet and apologise for having been the means of causing her companion to be discovered at so trivial a task. But of causing her companion to be discovered at so trivial a task, the young man on his after-one glance at the regardant intruder, the young man on his knees went calmly on with his peat-fitting, turning his head to the side and studying the architecture after the manner of his mistress, and "hefting" the peats in his hand as if his whole soul were in the work before him.

The new-comer was a smallish man with a thin moustache, which he kept twisting assiduously, black eyebrows, which, thick in the middle, turned sharp at the outer corners and flashed defiantly

upwards like feathers in a Highland bonnet, with an air at once conceited and insolent.

But the amateur in peat-fitting was not intimidated by his attitude.

"Ah, Hector!" was all that he said, and went calmly on with his work—so different is the effect of a supercilious regard in man and in woman. Adam Home had responded like a tuned instrument of strings to Bell's disdainful eyes and petulant words, but now he laboured, apparently unconscious as any hind, at his menial occupation under the contemptuous stare of another man.

The figure addressed as "Hector" retained its first attitude of disapproving reserve for some minutes, but as neither of the objects of contempt appeared at all affected, he was at last forced to break the silence.

"My Lord," he said, "you seem to have forgotten in congenial employment the purpose for which you came hither!"

Adam Home glanced sharply up at him.

"Keep the 'my-lording' for the next campaign in Flanders!" he said, "I am no Lord of yours!"

Bell Mac Lurg rose to her feet. What had she been doing? A Lord—and she tried to think over all she had said to him. The tally did not turn out a very suitable or a very respectful one.

The olive-skinned, dark-moustached man made a little impatient movement with his foot.

"No man is the lord of Hector Faa—that is well enough known in Galloway. And indeed if I may venture to remark, it ill becomes your—I mean it is ill befitting one in your situation to bandy compliments or waste precious time when the scaffold is as near you and your friend as that heather buss is near me."

And he stamped on a tussock of heather bells with an angry gesture.

Adam Home now rose to his feet and deliberately dusted his hands.

"You are right," he said; "I did wrong to forget Glenmorrison in the time of trouble which he shares with me. I crave your pardon, Hector Faa—now let us go down to the house of Millwharchar and speak with the Laird."

The man addressed as Hector Faa started back.

"Nay," he cried, "not I. There is still some sense left under my bonnet. Hector Faa is not going to venture his life, unattended, near such an old heathenish Cromwell as Ninian Mac Lurg of Millwharchar!"

"Then," said Adam Home, tranquilly, "I will go alone—or at least with this lady, if she will deign to accompany me."

The little dark man hesitated a moment. Then with great deliberation he pulled out a pistol, half-cocked it, looked to the priming, and anon restored it to his side pocket. Next he set his hand upon his thigh and half drew a dagger therefrom, as if to ascertain that it worked easily in its sheath.

"Lead on," he said, "you shall not cast it up that Hector Faa was afraid of any man that breathes. But mind you, if there be a 'tulzie,' each of us will look only to the safety of his own life. This is no quarrel or occasion of mine!"

And this is the reason that Bell Mac Lurg came into the presence of her father Ninian, Laird of Millwharchar, with a young man walking dourly on either side of her.

CHAPTER V.

"GOD SAVE KING GEORGE!"

THE trio arrived at the little loaning shaded with irregular alders and birches which led between the two "parks" pertaining to the house of Millwharchar. The two first acquainted were maintaining a brisk conversation on the merits of various wild flowers, Bell preferring the wild white rose, and Adam Home holding out for the modest gowan, while a step behind them, Hector Faa, with his hand in the flap of his right pistol-pocket, listened with a smile as incredulous as it was contemptuous.

Suddenly a turn of the loaning brought them face to face with a startling apparition.

"Halt there where ye stand, or prepare forthwith to meet your Maker!" exclaimed a voice stern as the law and all the prophets.

The young people looked up from their pleasant converse of word with word and glance with glance. Close to them, and elevated a little on the broad stone step of the farmhouse, stood a striking and almost tremendous figure. Coat of blue, ancient steeple-crowned Puritan hat towering above, steel breastplate winking beneath, buff knee-breeches covering limbs sturdily as an average man's body, shoon buckled with huge clasps of hammered iron—thus before them, instant and minatory, stood Ninian Mac Lurg. His long-stocked brown "Queen Anne" musket was levelled directly at Adam Home, a second piece stood contiguous to his hand, and the bare blade of an Andrea Ferrara glittered against the wall of rough harled masonry whereon it leaned hilt upwards.

Six foot six in height stood Ninian Mac Lurg, tough as an ancient oak, keen-eyed as an eagle, irascible and indomitable as in all Scotland only he could be.

"Oh, father," cried Bell, "for God's sake put down your gun. These gentlemen are in trouble and have come to beg your assistance!"

"Out of my gate, lassie," cried her father glancing down the barrel of his piece. "Gentlemen, forsooth. They are rebels, cave-lunkers, sheep-stealers. Make your peace with God, gentlemen. It was an ill day that you thought to cozen Ninian Mac Lurg with your traitorous speeches."

Then Bell, white with terror, threw herself in front of Adam Home, and cried to her father: "Do not shoot—it was my fault. I brought him here. He hath a sick companion who needs your help. You would not refuse it, for your heart is kind. Oh, father, be forbearing with him!"

The eye of Ninian Mac Lurg never wavered along the levelled tube.

"Take your hand out of your pocket-hole, little ugly gipsy man—one, two, three—out with it! I thank you. Now, long man with the tashed coat, say after me, with your hands held up to heaven, 'God save King George and confound Jamie the Pretender!' You have till I count thirty to save your life!"

Hector Faa's hand, which, obedient to the first invitation, had been reluctantly withdrawn from the vicinity of his pistol, now began to return even more stealthily. But he reckoned without his host.

"Your hands above your head, little man—so!—as you hope for a moment's longer life keep them there. Now, sir, to your catechism. Say after me, 'God save King George.'"

Up to this moment Adam Home's fingers had been busy with the gowan which he had pulled to illustrate his argument with Bell. But he turned to that maiden now, as her father began to count slowly, "One—two—three," in an audible voice, he said: "Mistress Bell, you were right, will you give me that rose from your neck in exchange for my gowan? I think after all it is the finer and fairer flower. At least, I love the better to wear it."

"Fourteen—fifteen—sixteen," came the steady count, and the shining barrel never wavered.

"Oh, take it," cried Bell, "take it and say what he tells you—for my sake say it. My father is a man of his word. I will never be saucy again; I will do anything you wish if only this once you will say 'God save King George.'"

The young man smiled patiently and a little wistfully. "For your sake I would if I could at all, sweetest maid," he said, "but the true King is more to me than life—more even than love!"

"Twenty-three—twenty-four—twenty-five."

Adam Home instinctively put his petitioner at arm's length from him, and with a quiet and assured mien fitted the white rose to his button-hole, first reverently kissing the emblem of the Stewart race, which was now also a lady's favour.

He was adjusting it to his satisfaction, and giving a little pat to the lapel of his coat, when the inexorable voice from the doorstep counted on level and monotonous, "Twenty eight—twenty-nine—"

"Crash!" went the Queen Anne musket, the sound echoing loudly against the barn and byres of Millwharchar, and presently, after an appreciable interval, being tossed back from the dark recesses of the wood.

The young man Adam Home stood for a moment after the report in his ordinary attitude of careless ease. Then all suddenly he swayed, clapped his hand on his right side, gripped himself, as it were, and turning to Bell with his other hand he raised his hat.

"I fear that I need not trouble you any longer," he said courteously, "but I am infinitely indebted to you—indebted to you—indebted—"

And the hand that had held the hat aloft sinking heavily down, its owner slowly pitched forward rather than fell, and lay motionless on his face among the straw which cumbered the yard.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECRET OF THE PLASTERED DOOR

AT the first pull of Ninian Mac Lurg's finger on the trigger Hector Faa had dodged like a weasel behind a red-bodied mountain cart, and now his pistol barrel glanced over the back bar with the sharp eye of the hill gipsy twinkling small and bright behind it like the eye of a bird.

The Laird of Millwharchar had not, however, expended his whole magazine at one shot. He seized the gun which stood against the wall by the barrel, and cocking it he advanced resolutely towards the fugitive entrenched behind the trail-cart.

Hector Faa's teeth gradually uncovered, and he waited till his assailant was within a dozen paces and then fired; the bullet being well aimed, struck the second musket upon the side of the lock, glancing off, however, and flattening itself against the wall without doing any damage.

"The God of battles hath delivered the wicked into my hands!" cried Ninian Mac Lurg as he caught the trail-cart suddenly by the pole and turned it over, almost but not quite upon the top of Hector Faa. For that active man of the hills, seeing his position, and acknowledging defeat as readily as victory, instantly fled, leaving his discharged pistol on the ground, so anxious was he to avoid underlying the tender mercies of the laird of Millwharchar. He sped across the courtyard, almost bowed to the ground and ran with all his power for the heather.

Ninian turned about for his Ferrara blade. He had a score of steps to go back to recover it, which gave the nimble fugitive a considerable start. But in a moment it was in his hand, and, with his great body thrown forward and every nerve strained, the Laird took up the chase as eagerly and determinedly as if twenty-six instead of sixty-two had been the number of his years.

But Hector Faa had a long start, and strain as he would, Ninian could not overtake him nor reduce by an appreciable inch the distance between them. Nevertheless, he held staunchly on in this fashion, and, separated by an interval of no more than a hundred yards, pursuer and pursued plunged into the dark shades of the wood of Larbrax.

Bell, overwhelmed with shame and pity, was left alone with the wounded man. With a great effort of strength she turned him over, till his head rested on her shoulder. She was surprised to feel how light and supple he was. She thought that she could almost carry him in her arms.

But at this moment her two brothers, Alec and John, came into the courtyard, and stood astonished to find their eldest sister with the head of a wounded man on her shoulder.

"Bell," the two lads cried simultaneously, "what in the world are you doing with the man?"

"Come and help this instant, great gomerils," replied that acrid maiden; "think you that I am playing 'Jook-my-Joe' about the stacks on Halloween?"

Alec and John approached gingerly, looking around for their father as they did so, with a glance which told much of the Spartan nature of their up-bringing.

"Who is he? And what are you going to do with him?"

"He is a young Lord who came to ask a favour of my father," said Bell, "and he has shotten him. And, oh, if he dies, our father will hang. Come—help me with him to the old stable-laft of Larbrax. Will Begbie will hide him there, or I shall know the reason why."

The lads demurred. It was a good half mile to the deserted stead of Larbrax. Their father might return. What would they say to him when he came back and found the wounded man gone?

"Leave all that to me," cried Bell; "say not a word to the other lasses. They would only throw up their hands and fall over in drawms*—every way at once like heavy corn on a wet day. Take hold of him, I say."

And so with their imperious sister at the head, Alec in the midst, and John at the feet, they laid Adam Home on a dismounted door which stood at the back of the byre, and prepared to carry him to the stable-loft of Larbrax.

As the lads paced slowly with their burden down the loaning and across the green pasture lands, there came back to them no sight or sound of the chase. Not a tree top waved nor a smooth swell of hazel copse parted before the rush of pursuer and pursued.

Alec and John soon tired of their burden, and Bell had to threaten and cajole them time about, to make them keep to their work. At last to shame them she took a turn at the foot of the door, relieving John, who sulked along after them. Her arms were almost dragged from their sockets, and there was a tearing stitch in her side which threatened to deprive her of breath altogether.

As she looked at the young man, he appeared to wear the self-same smile with which he had thanked her for the white rose, and her heart prayed that he might not be dead, and the dishonour forever laid upon her father's head that he had shot down an unarmed and unresisting man upon his own doorstep.

Even as she stumbled along, biting her lips with the effort not to cry out and drop the board on which Adam Home lay stretched out, the eyes of the wounded man were slowly opened. Consciousness struggled back into them. Seeing Bell at his feet, he strove to raise himself, but with a determined shake of the head she motioned him to lie still where he was.

Then John, who had been gradually growing ashamed of himself, craved that she should let him back to his place, but Bell, with a new strength in her veins from the knowledge that he was alive would not surrender her post, and permitted him only to help in Alex's place at the side.

In this wise came the procession into the silent courtyard of the old farm town of Larbrax. Now the "stable-laft" into which Bell proposed to convey Adam Home was of peculiar construction, and had obviously been built to suit the needs of difficult and dangerous times.

It was, in fact, not upon the top of the stable at all, but over the barn. That storehouse of fodder and sheaves had been originally built with a double roof, the inner being of less steep slant than the

* Fainting fits.

outer, leaving a space of some five feet high all along the length of the barn. This was entered from the real stable-loft by a wall of which the back was composed of wood roughly plastered to imitate stone.

This had been for many years the hiding-place to which a former Goodman of Larbrax, one Gideon Begbie, the grandfather of young Will, present tenant of the farm, during the days of Charles's persecution.

It was with some pain and no small difficulty that Adam was carried up the narrow ladder which led to the outer loft. thence the road was easier, but the wounded man had to many a pang before he found himself deposited on a bed of straw, with the little green skylight carefully extracted and among the thatch in order to let in the air and a glimpse of blue sky.

Then at last, sending off the lads Alec and John, lest he should have arrived home before them, Bell knelt beside Adam Home, and cut away the waistcoat and fine shirt from the waist, the locality of which was all too easily discoverable by the red which dyed with a fresher scarlet the faded red of his undercoat.

Bell found it necessary to descend from the loft, to find a piece of soft material from her room, before again returning to find her patient propped higher on a bolster of straw.

"This is kind of you," he said, but she could only answer him with her tears, as she bent tenderly to bathe the wound. The wound, she found, had made a long tearing cut, glancing along the ribs, turning off through the coat before reaching the backbone.

"Will you tell me exactly what it looks like?" said Adam Home. "I am enough of a surgeon to know whether or not it is dangerous."

Bell checked her sobs in order to obey him.

"That is well," he said cheerfully, "yet I fear much I shall be a trouble to you for some time. But where am I at this moment?"

The girl told him that he was at the old and deserted farmstead of Larbrax and in perfect safety—that no one but the owner, Will Begbie, ever came there. "And," added Bell, "I can readily make Will see matters as he ought."

The wounded man took a swift glance at her as she attentively bound up the wound with strips of her kirtle, till she had expended as good a dressing as was possible in the circumstances.

Then, leaving the last strip of cloth she could spare wet upon his brow, and promising soon to return, Bell tripped down the ladder and carefully closed the door behind her which separated the two lofts above the stable and barn of the deserted homestead.

(To be continued)

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

REFORM is to be the order of the day in almost every Department of the public service. Hitherto the difficulty has been for a candidate to obtain a nomination and to pass the examination. After these two obstacles had been surmounted he had but to wait patiently, do his work mechanically, and have sufficient tact not to make enemies with those above him on the official ladder, or to become unpopular with those below, and time and good fortune would certainly stand him on one of the highest rungs, with a C.B. or even a K.C.B., tacked on to his name.

Intelligence, initiative, originality, zeal and exceptional ability were dangerous qualities which more often wrecked a Government official than secured his success. His superiors did not want to have him treading on their heels, and his inferiors did not wish to have the pace increased, so he soon found he had the whole office against him. That state of things was very admirable for those who entered the public service to attain a haven of rest, but the community has suffered enormously by its being permitted to continue. The outside world would be amazed were it to discover of what wretched material many of the "distinguished" officials of the Government are made. It required a grave crisis like the one which has confronted us to disclose the defects of our Departmental system.

It is said that the Boers complain that we attack them on Sundays. According to the war correspondents, they maintain that we do this because we imagine them to be disinclined to fight on the Sabbath. History repeats itself with astonishing accuracy. M. Esquiras, in a book entitled the "English at Home," published earlier in the century, wrote:—"Knowing the respect of the English for the rest of the seventh day, the French hoped to gain by it in their attacks. I confess they had not always reason to praise their calculations, for the English troops gloriously broke the Sabbath. They thus justified the proverb current in Great Britain: 'The better the day, the better the deed!'" It is very unlikely, however, that our Generals have attacked the Boers on the Sunday with such Machiavelian ingenuity of design.

A petition, signed by many prominent members of the official world, and by others whose reputation stands high with the public, is to be presented to the Duke of Cambridge for the purpose of inducing him to consent to Hyde Park being open later to cyclists than it is. That is a matter which was originally suggested in a column, and which has continually been mentioned since. There is some reason for believing that the Duke will give his consent on this occasion, as the importance of the names of many who have signed the petition will make it difficult for him to refuse without giving better reasons for doing so than he has as yet made known.

THE WAR.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR ARE APPEARING FROM DAY TO DAY

IN

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

THE BEST HOME NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.



CAPTAIN W. N. CONGREVE
(Rifle Brigade)



CORPORAL NURSE
(Royal Field Artillery)



THE LATE LIEUT. THE HON. F. H. S.
ROBERTS
(King's Royal Rifle Corps)



CAPTAIN H. L. REED
(Royal Field Artillery)

WINNERS OF THE VICTORIA CROSS AT THE BATTLE OF COLENZO

Honours for Colenso

IN describing the heroic defence of the guns at the battle of Colenso, Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, wrote:—"By the light of all my experience in war, these gunners of ours are men who deserve monuments over their graves and even Victoria Crosses in their coffins." It is curious to notice how the loss of the guns of the 14th and 66th Batteries—in itself a disaster—has become a glorious incident, not only from the brave way in which the gunners stood to their guns to the very last, but from the two gallant attempts to rescue them that were made. "The detachment serving the guns had," writes Sir Redvers Buller, "all been killed, wounded or driven from the guns by the enemy's infantry fire at close range, and the guns were deserted. About 500 yards from the guns was a donga, in which some of the few horses and drivers left alive were sheltered. The intervening space was swept with shell and rifle fire. Captain Congreve, Rifle Brigade, who was in the donga, assisted to hook a team into a limber, went out and assisted to limber up a gun; being wounded he took shelter, but, seeing Lieutenant Roberts fall badly wounded, he went out again and brought him in. Some idea of the nature of the fire may be gathered from the fact that Captain Congreve was shot through the leg, through

the toe of his boot, grazed on the elbow and the shoulder, and his horse shot in three places. Lieutenant the Hon. F. H. S. Roberts, King's Royal Rifles, assisted Captain Congreve. He was wounded in three places. Corporal Nurse, Royal Field Artillery, 66th Battery, also assisted. I recommend the above three for the Victoria Cross. . . . Shortly afterwards Captain H. L. Reed, 7th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, who had heard of the difficulty, brought down three teams from his battery to see if he could be of any use. He was wounded, as were five of the thirteen men who rode with him; one was killed, his body was found on the field, and thirteen out of twenty-one horses were killed before he got half-way to the guns, and he was obliged to retire. I recommend Captain Reed for the Victoria Cross." In an interesting letter Captain Congreve himself writes:—"I have never seen, even at field firing, the bullets fly thicker. All one could see were little tufts of dust all over the ground, a whistling noise, 'phut' where they hit, and an increasing rattle of musketry somewhere in front. My first bullet went through my left sleeve, and just made the joint of my elbow bleed. Next a clod of earth caught me a smack on the other arm, then my horse got one, then my right leg one, and my horse another. That settled us, for he plunged, and I fell about a hundred yards short of the guns we were going to. A little nullah was by, and into that I hobbled and sat down. I had not been in a minute before another

bullet hit the toe of my boot, went into the welt, travelled up, and came out at the toe-cap, two inches from the end of the toe. It did not even scratch me, but I shifted my quarters pretty quick to a better place. . . . About eleven o'clock the fire slackened and I went out, finding poor Roberts badly wounded, and with help got him into the nullah. There we lay from 11 to 4.30, no water, not a breath of air, no particle of shade, and a sun which I have never felt hotter even in India."

Thus is graphically and briefly recorded one of the most gallant deeds performed in the war. The whole story of the defence of the guns, and of the two attempts to rescue them, certainly mitigates the disappointment and distress felt in this country at the disaster. At the same time everyone has felt the keenest sympathy with Lord and Lady Roberts at the loss of their gallant son, who died from the effect of his wounds. Lieutenant Roberts did fair to emulate his gallant father, who won the V.C. in the Indian Mutiny. It is sad to think of a young life full of promise thus lost, but we must remember that the V.C. is never given except in cases where the candidate has risked his life. If there can be a solace for the loss of an only son, Lord Roberts must find comfort in the glorious death his son died.

Our portraits are by the following:—Captain Congreve by C. Knight, Aldershot; Lieutenant Roberts and Captain Reed by Chancellor, Dublin; and Corporal Nurse by Hawke, Plymouth.

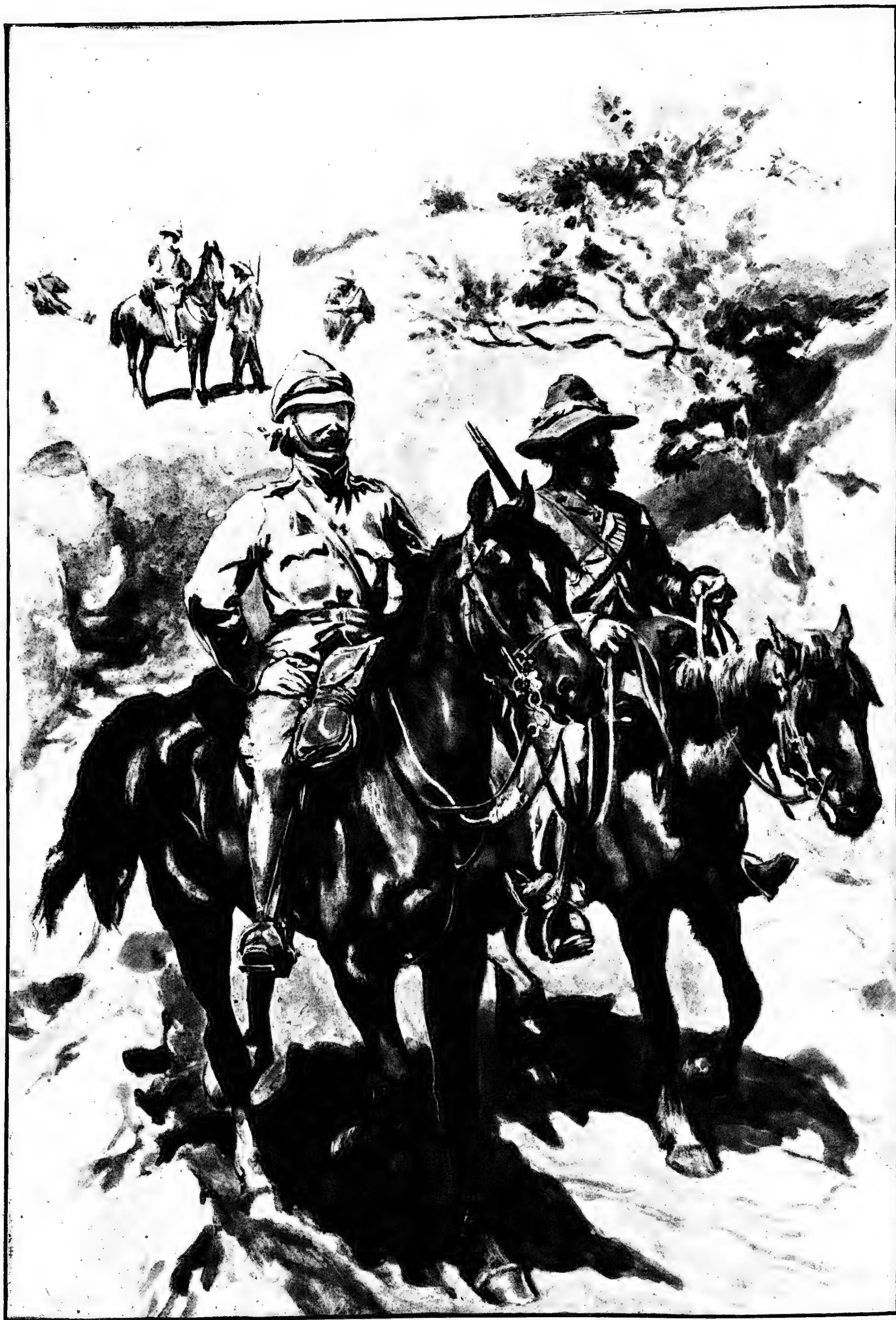


The Artillery contingent of the City Imperial Volunteers, drawn from the Honourable Artillery Company, left St. John's Wood Artillery Barracks very early in the morning last Saturday to march to the Albert Docks, where they embarked on the transport *Monfort*. The march was begun in the darkness, for it was long before dawn when the men started. It was snowing hard, and the scene presented was almost

ghostly as the detachment rode along silently, the tramp of the horses being hushed in the thick slush and snow. It was all so weird and so solemn that one could almost fancy a phantom regiment was riding through the deserted streets. The men had a very trying time, for the telegraph wires in one place had fallen, and were lying about in the road, necessitating the men getting down and extricating the horses.

"STUCK": A NIGHT MARCH THROUGH THE SNOW TO THE DOCKS

DRAWN BY W. DUNCAN



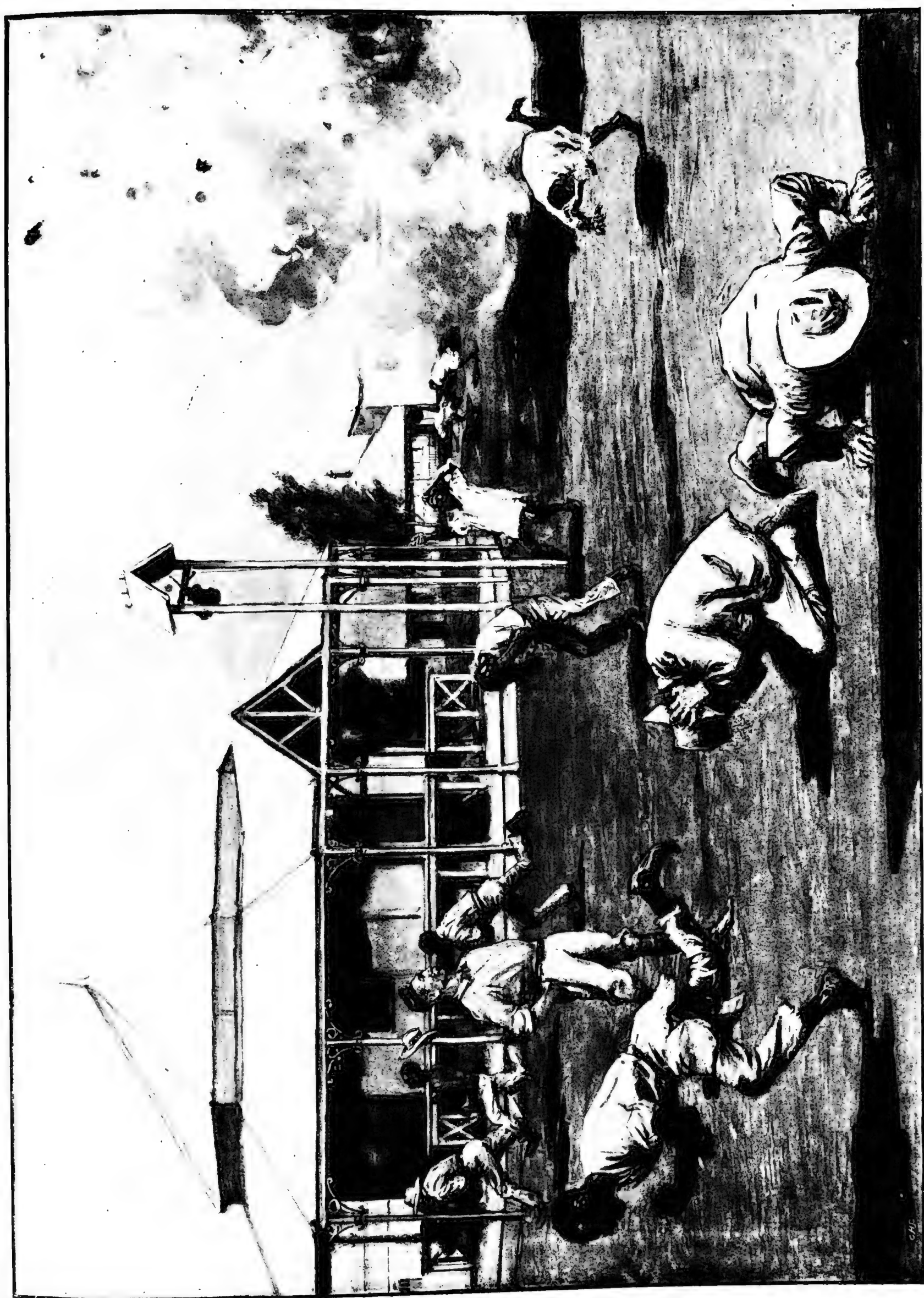
DRAWN BY W. SMALL

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUT

A letter from Sir George White to General Schalk Burger was taken by Lieutenant Orlebar of the 19th Hussars. He was accompanied by an orderly with a white flag, and when he reached the Boer outposts he was blindfolded and conducted to the General, the orderly being left behind in charge of the picket. His eyes were not uncovered again until he was inside the General's tent, which

was sumptuously furnished, there even being a big bed in it. Lieutenant Orlebar was asked to have some coffee, which he accepted, but it did not arrive before the General's answer was ready, so he left without it, his eyes being again blindfolded.

"BLINDFOLDED": CARRYING A MESSAGE FROM SIR GEORGE WHITE TO THE ENEMY OUTSIDE LADYSMITH



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

When the enemy begin firing shell into Mafeking, the alarm bell in the Market-Place is rung to give warning to the inhabitants. Sometimes a shell drops into the town without the warning having been given. The officer who sends us the sketch from which our illustration is drawn describes how a shell burst the other day in the Market-Place. The inhabitants scattered right and left. Some flung them selves on the ground, and one man was heard to say, as he grovelled on the ground, "If anybody says he's not afraid of these shells, he's a liar!"

RINGING THE ALARM BELL: AN EVERYDAY SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT MAFEKING

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER, SENT BY RUNNER TO BULAWAYO

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

OUR Spion Kop week—which was one of doubt, hope, suspense,

and strategical defeat, relieved by the splendid bravery of our troops—was followed by a scene of obscurity and uncertainty throughout the theatre of war in South Africa as viewed from England illuminated by flashes of figure light in the House of Commons. A force of 180,000 British troops of all kinds, with 450 guns—such, said Mr. Wyndham, was the size of the Army which we now had, or very shortly would have, in South Africa for the subjugation

report of a westward reconnaissance by General Hector Macdonald and his Highland Brigade; telegrams detailing boxing competitions, for which his lordship offered silver cups; while “every evening,” wrote a correspondent from that happy and contented camp, “you can hear a great roar from the direction of the Highland or the Guards’ Brigade as a goal is scored, reminding one of the time when the Hornets beat Oldham”—a proof, that if, as a people, we “take our pleasures very sadly,” we certainly do our fighting with all the accompaniments of exceeding mirth. And was there not some zareba or other in the Suakim region whence the sorely pressed holders thereof heliographed to the outside world to know who had won the Derby, so that bets might be settled amid the perilous stress of battle? The boxing prize bouts in Methuen’s camp were cheered all the more lustily by the onlookers as knowing that Kimberley was still all right, and that Mafeking’s Mayor had despatched a telegram of undying devotion to the Queen on the very day—January 27—which gave the date to Buller’s despatch announcing his abandonment of Spion Kop and his return across the Tugela, “without the loss of a single man or a pound of stores.” Perhaps, also, the cheerfulness in Methuen’s camp had been all the greater for the knowledge, or, at least, the shrewd suspicion, that some of the Boer guns behind the entrenchments at Magersfontein had been removed to Norval’s Pont to assist the federal farmers there in resisting the “overwhelming force of (British) infantry” which had been pushed forward to seize that passage on the Orange River, or even to help in extricating the Boer force—7,000 in number—which the resourceful French was said to have succeeded in hemming in about the Colesberg parts.

But in this portion of the theatre of war, too, the situation has been as obscure to us for the past week as it was in Natal, though

Victims of the War

LIEUTENANT H. S. MCCORQUODALE, of Thorneycroft’s Mounted Infantry, was killed at Spion Kop on the 24th ult. Our portrait by Stearn, Cambridge.

Lieutenant James J. Raymond Mallock, of the 2nd Battalion the Lancashire Fusiliers, who was killed in the fighting at Spion Kop, joined the Army from the Militia in 1895, and became lieutenant in 1898. He served in the campaign in the Soudan under Lord Kitchener of Khartoum in 1898, and was present at the battle of Omdurman. Our portrait is by G. Lekegian and Co., Cairo.

The Hon. W. H. Petre, of Thorneycroft’s Mounted Infantry, was killed in the fighting on Spion Kop. Our portrait is by Bassett Old Pond Street.

Lieutenant Robert Josceline Grant, of the 3rd Battalion the King’s Royal Rifle Corps, was killed in the fighting on the Upper Tugela. He joined his regiment in 1897, and became lieutenant in 1898. Our portrait is by T. Fall, Baker Street.

Lieutenant F. M. Raphael, who was killed at Spion Kop, joined the 1st South Lancashire Regiment from the Militia in 1891, and was promoted in 1894. He was nearly thirty years of age. Our portrait is by A. Winter, Preston.

Lieutenant the Hon. W. Hill Trevor, of Thorneycroft’s Mounted Infantry, was killed at Spion Kop. Our portrait is by Mayhew Piccadilly.

Major Digby Mackworth, of the Queen’s Royal West Surrey Regiment, was killed in the desperate assault at Ladysmith on January 6. Major Mackworth served in the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast in 1897-8, when he secured a brevet-majority. Our portrait is by Mayhew Piccadilly.



COLONEL A. S. WYNNE, C.B.
Appointed to succeed General Woodgate in
Command of the 9th Brigade in South Africa



THE LATE MAJOR DIGBY MACKWORTH
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. A. HENSLEY
Died of wounds received at Venter’s Spruit



THE LATE LIEUTENANT F. M. RAPHAEL
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE LIEUT. THE HON. N. W. HILL-
TREVOR
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE LIEUTENANT R. GRANT
Killed on the Upper Tugela



THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. J. R. MALLOCK
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. H. E. BUCHANAN-
RIDDELL
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE LIEUT. H. S. MCCORQUODALE
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. L. MURIEL
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE CAPT. THE HON. J. H. PETRE
Killed at Spion Kop

of the Boer Republics, an Army which, in a few weeks’ time, would reach the amazing figure of 200,000, or about a third part of the number of German soldiers who went into action in the great war with France. The foundation of the new German Empire cost the German people 43,000 lives, including those who were killed outright on the field of battle—17,255; those who died of their wounds—10,506; and those who succumbed to disease—15,340; and, though this was by no means a large percentage out of 6,000,000, it almost looks as if the consolidation of our Empire in South Africa would cost us relatively more than the price in human life paid for the reconstruction of the German Empire.

In Natal

To us at home this has been another week of uncertainty, suspense, and contradictory rumours—of reported forward movements on the part of Buller and of “situation unchanged” daily telegraphed to the War Office by Lord Roberts; rumours of a repeated shuffling of the Boer cards around Ladysmith, and of the detaching of a portion of their investing force to cope with the mysterious column of our Irregular Horse sent round through lower Zululand to threaten their line of communication; of disruptive dissensions between the Transvaalers and the Free Staters which had to be composed by the personal intervention of their respective Presidents. Such were some of the confusing rumours which reached us from Natal.

With Lord Methuen

From Lord Methuen’s camp at the Modder River, on the other hand, we were regaled with nothing more stirring than the

this much was tolerably clear, that the plans of Lord Roberts for a grand central advance on Bloemfontein were rapidly maturing. And, as far as fighting went, perhaps the clearest and most gratifying account that reached us was that of the paper fencing bout between our Commander-in-Chief and their Presidential “Honours” of the Transvaal and the Free State, with reference to the wanton devastation of Boer homesteads laid to the charge of our “white brigands!” In this fencing Lord Roberts wielded a beautifully-tempered rapier, though he might have countered much more vigorously by referring to the Boer ravages and rapacities among the homesteads of Natal.

Colonel Arthur Singleton Wynne, C.B., late Deputy Adjutant-General of the Field Force in South Africa, who has been appointed to succeed Brigadier-General Woodgate, served as Superintendent of Army Signalling in the Jowaki Campaign in 1877. In the Afghan War he had charge of the field telegraphs with the Kurum Valley Field Force, and was at the capture of Peiwar Kotul. He was sent to the Transvaal for service on the Staff. Colonel, now Brigadier-General Wynne, is a zealous officer who has given many proofs of his marked ability, is fifty-three years of age, and entered the service in 1863. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

IN THE GOLDEN PENNY.

Wonderful Sketches and Photographs from the Front.

joined the Army in 1887, and was captain in 1896. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Edward Buchanan-Riddell, of the 2nd Battalion the King’s Royal Rifle Corps, was killed in the operations at Spion Kop. He served in the Boer War of 1881, and in the Egyptian War of 1882, being present in the reconnaissance in force from Alexandria, in the engagement at Tel-el-Mahuta, in the action at Kassassin, and at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He also served with the Soudan Expedition in 1884, being present at the engagements at El Teb and Tamai and in the Soudan Campaign of 1885. Lieutenant Colonel Buchanan-Riddell was a brother of Sir John Walter Buchanan-Riddell, the present Baronet, and of Major Henry Edward Buchanan-Riddell, who was wounded at Ladysmith last October. He entered the army from the Militia as a lieutenant in the King’s Royal Rifle Corps in November, 1875, and was instructor of musketry to the battalion from November, 1878, to March, 1888. He was an adjutant of Volunteers from May, 1890, to May, 1895, and has been commanding the 3rd King’s Royal Rifles in South Africa. Our portrait is by Cummings, Aldershot.

Captain Charles Albert Hensley, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, has died of wounds received in action near Venter’s Spruit on January 20. He entered the Army in September, 1885, and obtained his company in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers ten years later. Our portrait is by A. Coney, Pietermaritzburg.

Captain Charles Leslie Muriel, of the 2nd Battalion Duke of Cambridge’s Own (Middlesex Regiment), was killed in the fighting at Spion Kop, on the Upper Tugela. He joined his regiment in 1877, and received his captain’s commission in 1895.



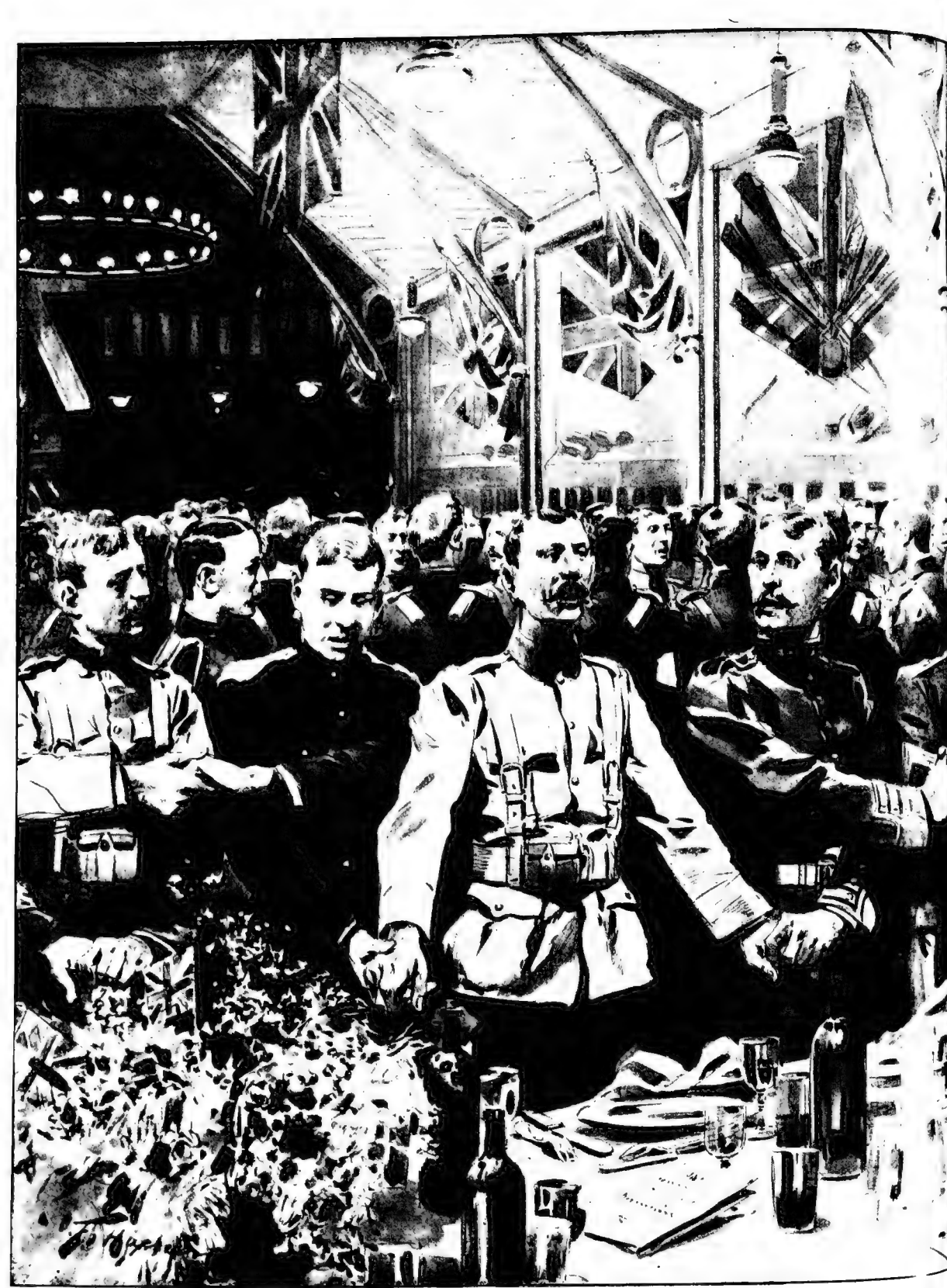
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

Our Special Artist in Ladysmith writes:—"All the wounded who were able to travel were sent off to Maritzburg before the beginning of the siege. There was a general exodus after the battle of Lombard's Kop as it was only a matter of time for the railway to be stopped. The nurses were very busy all day helping the men into the waggons to take them to the station. The arrangements for the care of the wounded were complete in every respect."

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER'S BEST FRIEND: SENDING INVALIDS FROM LADYSMITH TO MARITZBURG

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

W. T. MAUD



The men from the Honorable Artillery Company to form part of the City of London Imperial Volunteers were formally inspected before their departure last week for South Africa. The Mayor, General Turner, and the Honorable Artillery Company were present. The battery numbers about 130 officers and men, and is now serving in the Trenchard's Brigade. In the evening the battery attended a "send-off" dinner at the Drill Hall, when the Lord Mayor and Sheriff Pevan were present. After the service the men marched to the headquarters of the Honorable Artillery Company, where they were met by a large crowd. Shortly after their arrival at the Armoury the "Auld Lang Syne" was sung with enthusiasm.

A grand patriotic, and assure them of my sincere wishes that their services will be successful.—V.R.E. The Lord Mayor, General Turner, and the Honorable Artillery Company were present. The battery numbers about 130 officers and men, and is now serving in the Trenchard's Brigade. In the evening the battery attended a "send-off" dinner at the Drill Hall, when the Lord Mayor and Sheriff Pevan were present. After the service the men marched to the headquarters of the Honorable Artillery Company, where they were met by a large crowd. Shortly after their arrival at the Armoury the "Auld Lang Syne" was sung with enthusiasm.



SIR REGINALD PALGRAVE
Late Clerk of the House of Commons



THE REV. JAMES JOHNSON
Bishop-Elect of the Native Congregations in the
Delta of the Niger



MR. G. D. FABER
New M.P. for York City



THE LATE SIR T. GRAINGER STEWART
Late President of the Royal College of Physicians,
Edinburgh

The Week in Parliament

By HENRY W. LUCY

THE generally lamented prolongation of the debate on Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice's amendment to the Address brings into strong relief a Front Bench foible. On more than one occasion its existence has been commented upon in this column. Mr. Birrell, not less wittily than severely, dealt with the subject in the hearing of some of the principal offenders. The debate, he said, had been protracted owing to the vanity of the Front Benches, the occupants of which seemed to cherish the delusion that Parliament exists in order to hear them make speeches. They look upon a Parliamentary day as an epicure regards a joint containing one or two prime cuts. These fell to Ministers and ex-Ministers, the rest being offal suitable for the consumption of the private member. There was, as Mr. Birrell pointed out, no reason why Mr. Chamberlain should not have spoken on Thursday or Friday in last week, or why Sir William Harcourt should have concealed himself until the hour came for another prime cut.

This outspoken rebuke exactly describes the situation. Ordinary members desiring to take part in a current debate are wholly dependent on the favour of the Speaker. He calls on whom he pleases, and in whatever circumstance of the hour, or the condition of the House, the member selected is only too glad to take his chance. A Front Bench man does not wait to be called. At the precise moment he regards as most propitious he presents himself at the table and begins to rattle off his speech, coolly regardless of half a dozen members rising in other parts of the House. The system is carried to such an extent that each big man must have his apportioned night. Under the operation of the Twelve o'Clock Rule the most favoured time for speech-making lies between the conclusion of questions, say half-past four and half-past seven. This secures full report in the newspapers and opportunity for editorial discussion. As each day has but one such favoured period it follows that only one couple of Front Bench men, one from either side of the table, will speak at a single sitting. The rest of the time is tossed to private members to quarrel for.

As far as the interest and value of the debate are concerned, not to speak of so slight a matter as the interests of the country, the discussion on Lord E. Fitzmaurice's amendment would have been infinitely more useful had it been compressed within the space of two sittings. But then, what is to become of the Front Bench men and their elaborately prepared periods? If two days were regarded as too brief a period of debate in view of the importance of the subject, it was at least reasonable to expect that opening on Tuesday discussion might have been rounded off with the week end. An eminent Front Bench man being approached with this proposal, he curtly replied he was not very well, would not be better till Monday at the earliest, and, therefore, the debate must be carried over into this week. Being carried over Monday, and Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain between them appropriating the prime cut of the early hours of the sitting, the debate must needs go on to Tuesday that Mr. Asquith might speak, that the Leader of the Opposition might deliver his soul on the subject, and Mr. Arthur Balfour might perform the traditional duty of winding up the debate.

The peculiar circumstances of the moment make these childish tactics the more deplorable. The whole business has from its inception been a lamentable mistake. To saddle the Opposition with such an amendment as that moved by Lord E. Fitzmaurice in a two hours' speech, delivered in an

almost empty House, is a crueller thing than an enemy might have devised. As the debate and the division list show, so far from uniting the Liberal Party it has brought into fuller daylight their many differences. On the other hand, it was the one thing needful to strengthen the position of the Ministry, their ranks naturally closing at the bugle sound of a Vote of Censure moved from the Front Opposition Bench. Abroad the proceeding has had the injurious effect of presenting a House of Commons divided against itself on the question of carrying the war on to whatever bitter end. The responsibility for that consequence lying with the Liberals, their position in the constituencies has been weakened accordingly. The conception and adoption of such an amendment was exactly one of those cases where was specially applicable the wisdom of Lord Melbourne's favourite expedient in cases of difficulty—"Why can't you leave it alone?"

The concluding hour of the debate made up in dramatic incident for the long dullness of its laboured course. Mr. Asquith's speech was able, and characteristically judicious from the Opposition point of view. Whilst he belaboured the Ministry for lack of insight and foresight, he was uncompromising in his insistence on continuance of the war till there shall be achieved not a patched up but a durable settlement. As usual he was brief, his address being exactly half as long and more than twice as effective as Sir William Harcourt's. When he sat down the crowded House melted away, the benches not filling up again till eleven o'clock, when the Leader of the Opposition was on his legs.

Sir Henry had an unusually bad time of it. The York election apart, he was making hopeless endeavour to stem a tide rolling swiftly with the Government. But as he spoke came news that York was won again, not with the paltry majority of eleven, the ultimate accomplishment of so popular a member as Lord Charles Beresford, but with a rousing muster of over 1,400. After that the whole thing fell to pieces. Liberals trooped into the division lobby with Unionists, and as the result of the amazing Parliamentary tactics of the Front Opposition Bench the enthusiastic cheer of York for vigorously carrying on the war found echo in the House of Commons by a Ministerial majority that ran the numbers up well over 200.

Our Portraits

SIR REGINALD PALGRAVE, K.C.B., has resigned the Clerkship of the House of Commons, after forty-six years' service in various capacities at St. Stephen's. Sir Reginald took great interest in archaeology, and did much to identify sites of historic interest in the Palace of Westminster. His latest effort in this respect was to locate, after many searchings into old plans and documents, the position of the famous Star Chamber, the outer door of which has recently been indicated by a brass tablet, which has been affixed to the lower part of the buildings on the eastern side of New Palace Yard, within the cloister covering the approach from the House of Commons to Westminster Bridge Station. Sir Reginald is the fourth son of Sir Francis Palgrave, and a younger brother of Francis Turner Palgrave, Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1885.

The Rev. James Johnson, the negro Bishop-elect of the native congregations in the Delta of the Niger, is an old missionary of the Church Missionary Society. He was born at Benguema, Sierra Leone, in 1840, of parents who were once slaves. He was educated at the C.M.S. Grammar School and at Fourah Bay College, Sierra Leone. After serving as a catechist and as tutor at the Grammar School, Sierra Leone, he was ordained deacon in 1863, and priest in 1866, by the Bishop of Sierra Leone. He will be the third native bishop in Africa. Our portrait is by A. Weston, Newgate Street.

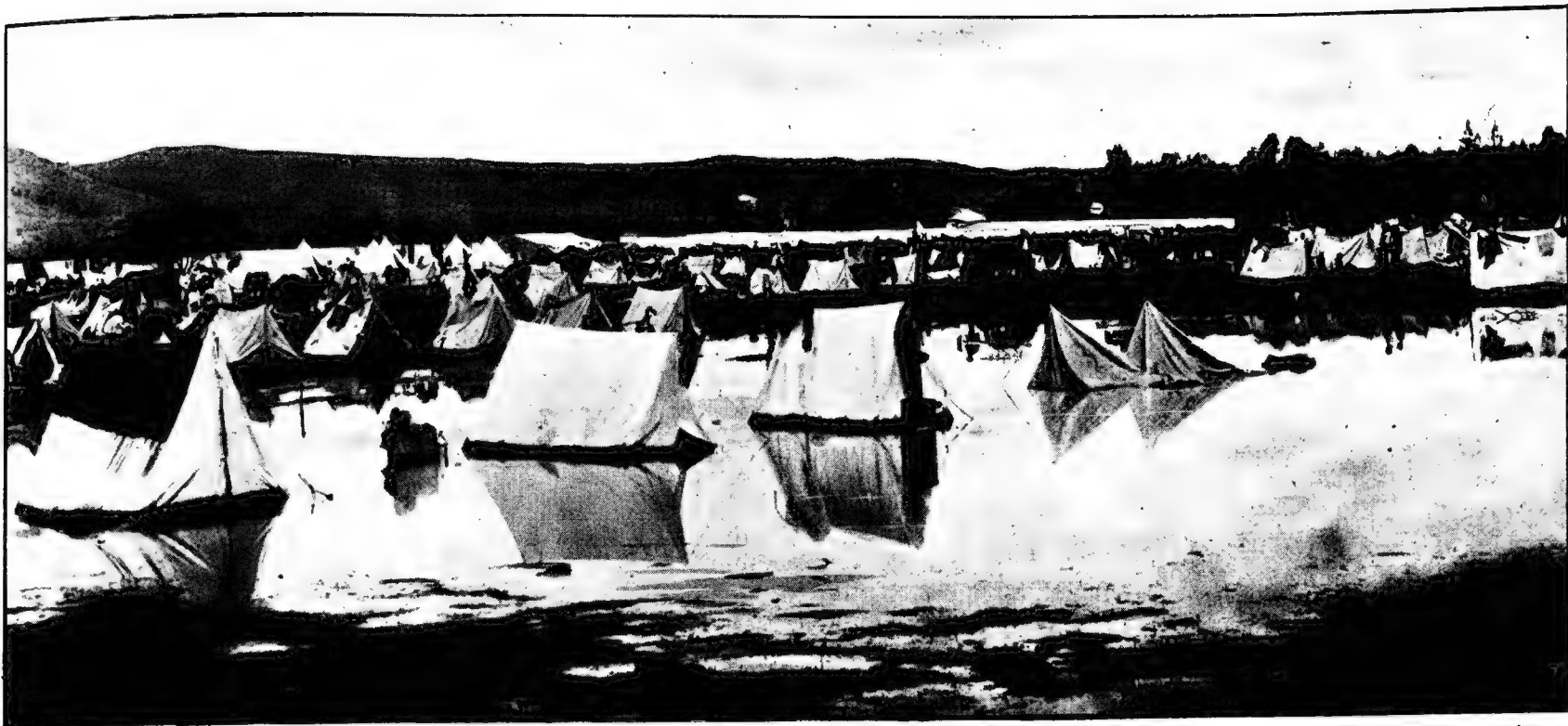
Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart had been for nearly a quarter of a century Professor of the Practice of Physics and Clinical Medicine in Edinburgh University. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and subsequently pursued his studies at Berlin, Prague, and Vienna. When he returned to Edinburgh he was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and appointed resident in the University wards of the Royal Infirmary. In 1876 he was elected to the Chair of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. He was President of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, from 1889 to 1891. Since 1882 he had been Physician in Ordinary to Her Majesty in Scotland. Sir T. Grainger Stewart, who was knighted in 1894, received honorary degrees from several Universities, and was a member of many learned societies at home and abroad. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. George Denison Faber, who has won by a Conservative majority of 1,430 the seat left vacant at York by Lord Charles Beresford, is the second surviving son of the late Mr. Charles Wilson Faber, J.P. and D.L., of Northaw House, Herts, and was born in 1852. He was educated at University College, Oxford, graduating B.A. in 1876, and being called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1879. From 1887 to 1896 he was Registrar of the Privy Council. Mr. Faber is a nephew of Lord Grimthorpe and of the late Mr. William Beckett Denison of Nun Appleton, and is first cousin to Lady Milner, wife of Sir Frederick Milner, M.P. Our portrait is by Debenham, York.



The Cheshire companies of the Imperial Yeomanry, on leaving Chester to embark at Liverpool for South Africa, had a most enthusiastic send-off. They paraded at 8.30 in front of the Town Hall, and were addressed first by Colonel the Earl of Harrington, commanding the Earl of Chester's Yeomanry Cavalry, who made each of the men in both companies a present of a sovereign for pocket money and gave them some seasonable advice, and then by the Mayor of Chester (Alderman H. T. Brown), who was in his robes of office, and was supported by the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Jayne) and a large assemblage of aldermen, councillors, and magistrates of the city. Some thousands of the public were spectators. Our photograph is by G. Watmough Webster

A SEND-OFF TO THE CHESHIRE COMPANIES OF IMPERIAL YEOMANRY



A Correspondent writes:—"We sometimes complain of dull days here in Ladysmith, where the daily desultory bombardment goes on without much effect; but if we grumbled then, how do you think we felt when we were flooded out of our camp? The rain came down in a deluge, and it left us in the Volunteer

camp drenched, surrounded by lakes of mud and pools of water. It was a thoroughly African experience. The day had been extremely hot, and by and by came masses of black cloud, which gradually grew darker until the heavens opened and down came the tempest. Our photograph is by H. W. Nicholls

THE DISCOMFORTS OF CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTH AFRICA: A FLOODED CAMP IN LADYSMITH

Our Supplement

THE EMPRESS OF INDIA'S LANCERS

UNDER the reorganisation scheme, which owed its origin to Major Sir George Luck, another Lancer regiment had to be added to the five already in existence to complete the scheme which provided for three regiments at home and three on foreign service. The 21st Hussars were selected to become the new regiment, and accordingly, in April, 1898, were transformed into the 21st Lancers. The first cavalry regiment to bear the number "21" was the 21st Light Dragoons raised in 1760 by the Marquis of Granby, and disbanded three years later. In 1779 another regiment was raised during the American War bearing the same title. That was also short lived, for when peace was made in

1783 it was disbanded. Again, in 1794, a cavalry corps was raised under the same title, and after serving in the West Indies, South America, at the Cape, and in India, was in its turn disbanded in 1820. The present regiment was formed of volunteers from the Bengal European Cavalry when the forces of the late East India Company were transferred to the Crown and became the 21st Hussars. The regiment had never seen active service before the last Soudan campaign, and some six months after it had become a Lancer regiment it received its baptism of fire at the battle of Omdurman on September 2, 1898. Until then it had no battle honours, but, given the chance, the 21st Lancers made the most of it. It was during the second phase of the battle that the new Lancers distinguished themselves. Ordered to outflank a strong Dervish detachment, the Lancers moved out, and had not proceeded far when a heavy fire was opened on them. There was nothing to do but to charge, and this the Lancers did most

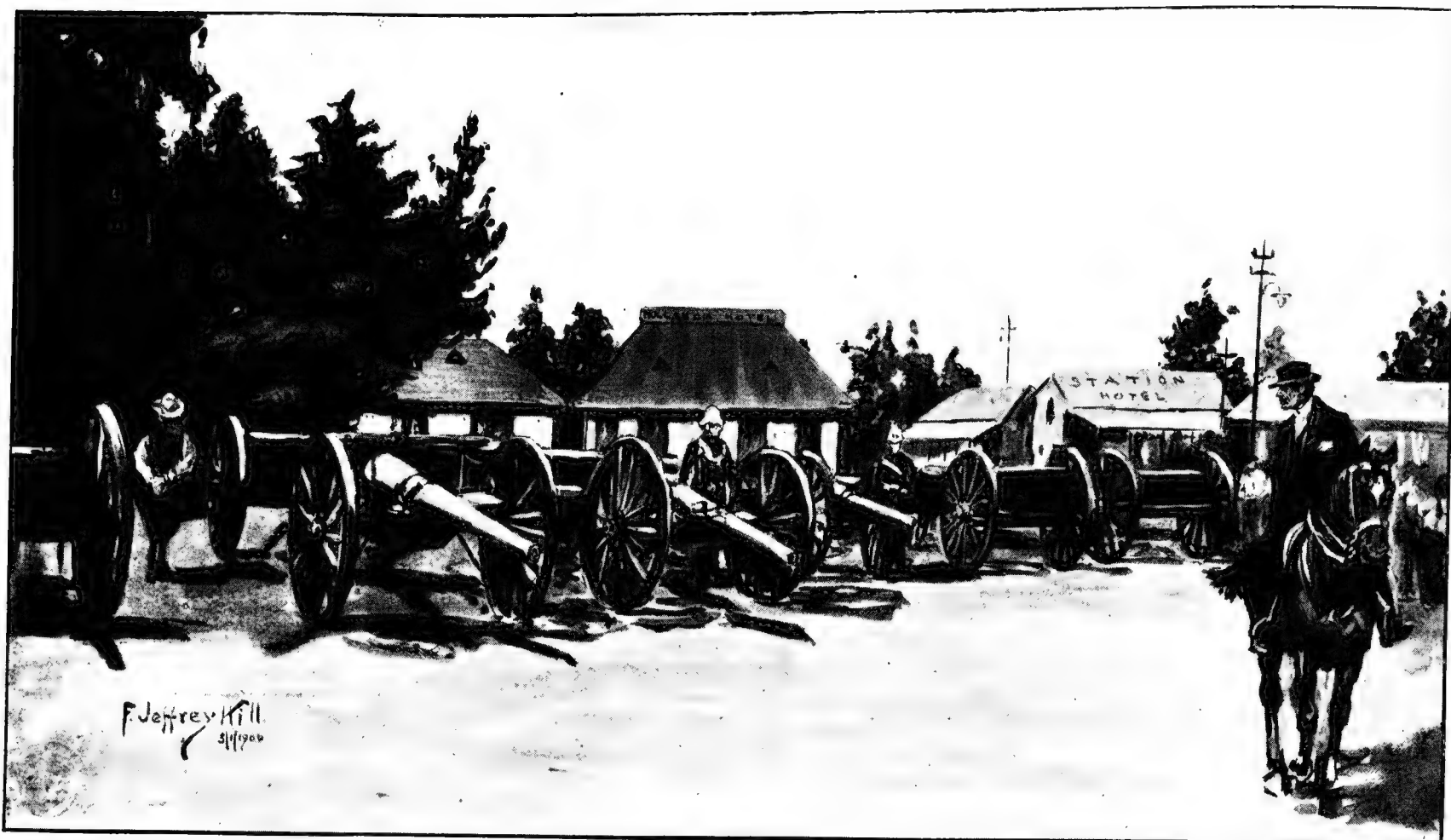
gallantly. At full gallop, and in close order, they struck the Dervishes. The latter stuck to their guns, and a desperate struggle ensued. In a little more than two minutes the Lancers had lost five officers and sixty-six men, and more than a hundred out of four hundred horses were killed or wounded. Meanwhile the Dervishes were preparing for another charge, but the Lancers, wheeling to the left, brought about a change of front which further demoralised the enemy, who began to retreat speedily. The gallantry of the regiment on this occasion won for it three Victoria Crosses. By an autograph letter from the Queen the 21st Lancers was authorised to assume the "Empress of India's" in recognition of its services. "Khartoum" is the only honour displayed on the regiment's appointments—neither Hussars nor Lancers have colours—and it is an honour right worthily won. The regiment is distinguished from other Lancer regiments by its facings of French grey and white plume.



There are few sights more impressive than a soldier's funeral. The pomp and dignity inseparable from a military ceremony seems to intensify the solemnity of the occasion. Much more so is this the fact when the funeral takes place on the scene of fighting, as was the case in our illustration, which shows men of the Natal Mounted Rifles covering the bodies of two of their fallen comrades with the Union flag. In beleaguered towns, when the garrison is "every day fewer and fewer," a military funeral is a very touching

function. The comrades of the dead man cannot help wondering whose turn it will be next. But there is no time for sentiment, and our men, after burying a comrade, with heavy hearts and sad faces, are back at their posts, keener to meet the Boers than ever. A very solemn quarter of an hour is passed, and then all is forgotten except duty. Our illustration is from a photograph by H. W. Nicholls

COVERED WITH THE FLAG THEY FOUGHT AND DIED FOR: A SCENE IN LADYSMITH

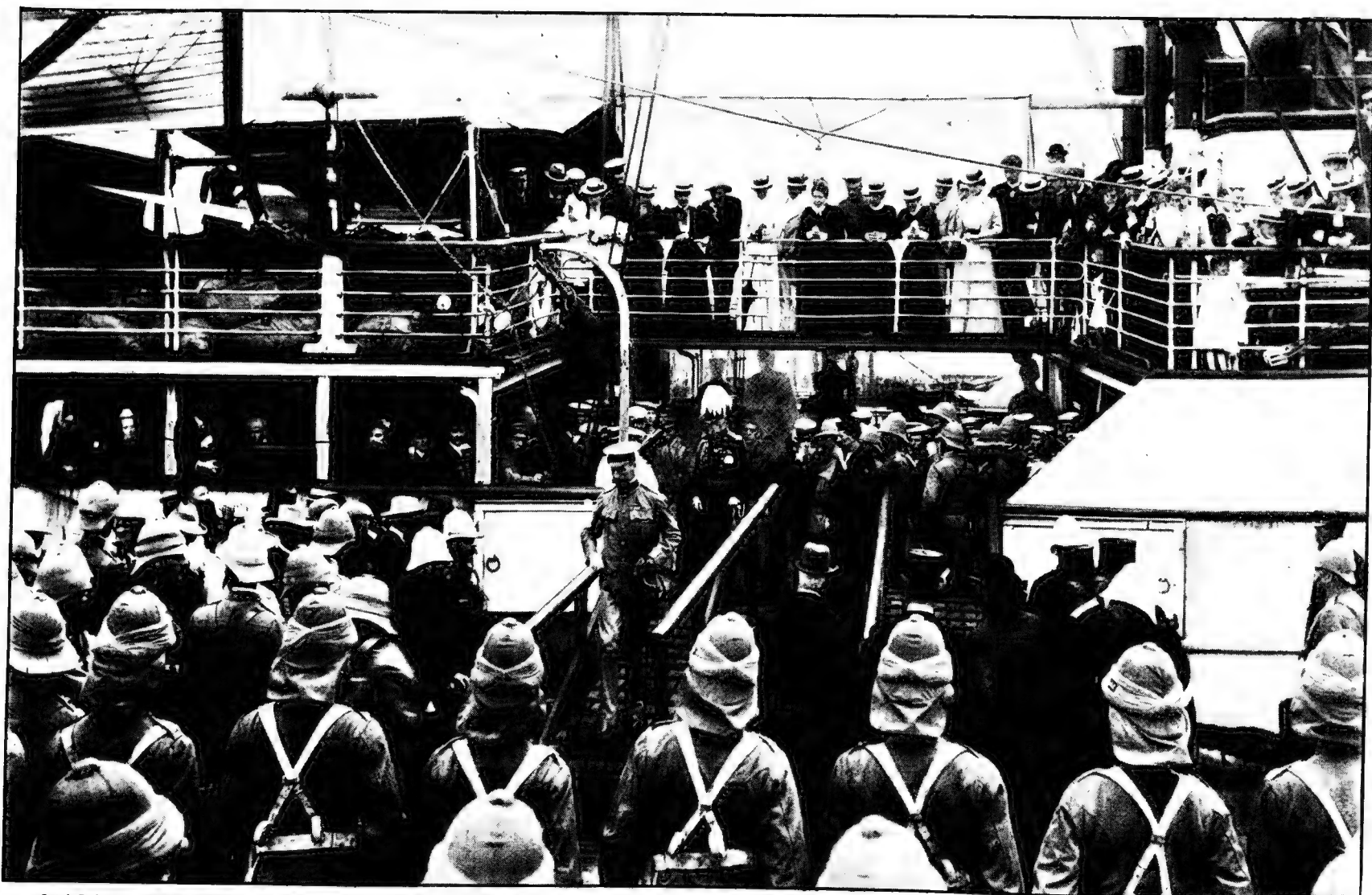


At the battle of Colenso, Colonel Long was determined that his guns should not be outclassed, rushed in the 14th and 66th Batteries to within 1,500 yards of Fort Wyllie in order to get close range, when suddenly the Boers sprang up and opened a destructive fire with their Mausers at a range of only 600 yards, and gunners and horses were rapidly shot down. With magnificent courage Colonels Long and Hunt fought, their guns, shelling the ridges across the Tugela for over an hour. But the Mausers did their work too well,

and gradually the two batteries were put out of action, but not before both Colonel Long and Colonel Hunt were wounded, as well as most of the officers and men. Ten guns had to be abandoned. These were afterwards taken to Pretoria by the Boers, and they now stand in the Station Square, and let us hope they are prophetic of the day when more guns brought by British soldiers this time, will reach the Transvaal capital.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM: CAPTURED BRITISH GUNS IN PRETORIA

FROM A SKETCH BY F. JEFFERY HILL



Lord Roberts, with Lord Kitchener and the rest of his Staff, reached Cape Town on the liner *Dunottar Castle* on January 11. In honour of the occasion all the ships in port were dressed, and a guard of honour was posted on the quay. General Sir F. Forestier-Walker and his Military Secretary welcomed the Field-Marshal and his Chief of the Staff on behalf of Sir Alfred Milner. Our illustration shows Lord Roberts stepping on to the gangway, preceded by Colonel Hanbury Williams, the Governor's secretary. Lord

Kitchener did not land until a few minutes afterwards. Great crowds were gathered on the wharf and at the docks, and the road thence to the city was also thronged. In Adderley Street there was a great display of hunting, and Lord Roberts and his Chief of the Staff met with a splendid reception, amounting to an ovation. Every window was occupied and the street was packed. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener drove first to Government House, where another guard of honour was mounted, and thence to the Castle.

THE ARRIVAL OF LORD ROBERTS AT CAPE TOWN: THE SCENE ON THE LANDING-STAGE

From a Photograph by J. E. Bruton, Cape Town

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11	0	by 10	0	.. 5	15	0	by 11	0	.. 8	16	0	0	
12	0	by 10	0	.. 6	5	0	13	0	by 12	0	.. 8	5	0
13	6	by 10	0	.. 7	0	0	14	0	by 12	0	.. 8	15	0
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TRE

New Associates of the Royal Academy

Of the newly elected Associates to the Royal Academy, Mr. Tuke has long been known as a painter of conscientious skill, whose feeling for nature and what may be called "out-of-doorness" has been annually demonstrated on the walls of the Academy for some years past. His pictures of sea-board, boat-life, and bathing (that is to say of the problem of flesh seen in the open air and sunshine) have struck London spectators with their truthful and artistic representation of Cornish life; and the seal of artistic approval was set upon his work when, six years ago, his picture called "August Blue" was acquired by the Chantrey trustees, and was placed in the National Gallery of British Art.

Thirty years ago, when Paris was crushed by the effects of the Russian investment, Monsieur Dalou, one of her most brilliant sculptors, accompanied by M. Lanteri, came to seek in England the peace he could not find in his own country. For a while he occupied the position of teacher of sculpture at South Kensington, creating an enthusiasm never before known in those much-criticised schools. When he left to return to France, leaving M. Lanteri as his successor, he carried off with him as assistant one of the most promising of the pupils of his class. This was Mr. Alfred Drury, in whose work we find so much of the refinement, imagination and dramatic firmness of a master, allied to his own English qualities of reticence and sober sense of beauty. This is not the place in which to analyse the art of Mr. Drury, who, while yet a young man, has proved himself a sculptor of a high order, appreciating the decorative quality of his work as well as, and not less than, the ideal. His "Griselda," in bronze, in the Tate Gallery (Chantrey Bequest), displays but one side of his talent, the simplest but not the least charming.

Mr. John Belcher is an architect whose name is known by reason of his many buildings of originality and beauty. The "Institute of Chartered Accountants," with its great sculptured frieze by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., was a great revelation, and did much to pave the way for his election. His rejected design for the Victoria and Albert Museum showed capacity for dealing ingeniously and picturesquely with vast buildings, and his Town Hall at Colchester his power over the pictorial handling of a municipal institution.

Our portraits are by the following:—Mr. Belcher by Schenboche, Rome; Mr. Tuke by Harris, Fulworth; and Mr. Drury, by Ritchie, Brompton Road.



MR. H. S. TUKE
(Painter)



MR. H. BELCHER
(Architect)



MR. ALFRED DRURY
(Sculptor)

THE NEWLY APPOINTED ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

is despatched with a missive to Lord Punchestown, Governor of El Barra, on the Upper Nile, and an employer who has no sooner despatched him than he makes the discovery that it is to him a matter of life and death to follow the adventurous Tommy Bang and intercept his own despatch before it has reached the Governor's hands, and lo! the ball is set rolling with an impetus that carries it on gaily to the end. Tommy Bang, in the humorous person of Mr. Edmund Payne, is the central figure and the unfailing source of the fun of the piece. His songs, dances, and sham tricks of legerdemain, in the disguise of a dancing Dervish at the Court of Hooker Pasha, Governor of the Nile; his duets and dances with Rosa, the lady's maid, in the sprightly and agile person of Miss Katie Seymour, are followed by the audience with a zest which never flags; nor is the flight of Tommy on a real camel, or the ingenious feats of Tommy and his companion in smuggling themselves into the province of El Barra as a brace of mummies inclosed in a couple of mummy cases, less productive of merriment. Mr. George Edwards's Gaiety company suffers rather from a superabundance than a paucity of talent. Mr. E. J. Lonnen, who returns to his old quarters in the Strand on this occasion, has little chance of renewing his former popularity

in the part of Cosmos Rey, "Agent to the Pasha;" nor is that quaintly droll actor, Mr. Wyse, very happily placed in the character of Lord Punchestown. On the other hand, Hooker Pasha, though but an incidental personage, is in the hands of Mr. Harry Nichol, a source of much amusement; as is Miss Connie Fiddis, the part of the vulgar, good-natured Mrs. Bang, who disposes in the Pasha her long missing husband, who, at the time of her son Tommy's infancy, had cruelly abandoned her. The ingenious plot and dialogue are from the joint pens of

J. T. Tanner and Mr. Al Murray; the lyrics are the contribution of those expert rhymers Messrs. Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank (the latter whom appears to share in his brother's versifying gift), and music, which is bright and thorough throughout, has been composed by Messrs. Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. A word of praise must be reserved for brilliant costumes, and for picturesque mounting of the play.

"IN SPITE OF ALL"

The first appearance of "In Spite of All" as a dramatist drew somewhat scanty, though thoroughly sympathetic, audience to the COMEDY Theatre on Monday afternoon. For her four historical drama, which bears the title *In Spite of All*, the popular novelist has chosen the time of the struggle between Charles and his Parliament. Her story is that of a Royalist young

lady in love with a young gentleman who embraces the Parliamentary cause, and is persistently persecuted by a rival suitor for the lady's hand, in the person of a profligate and designing Royalist Colonel. The play, which will next week be transferred to the evening bill, is handsomely mounted, and is acted with spirit by Mr. Ben Greet's company, among whom Mr. Greet, as the pious, kindly, and liberal-minded Vicar of Bosbury, Miss Edith Wynn Matthison, as his pretty daughter, and Mr. Sherbrooke, as the fiercely fanatical Puritan, specially distinguished themselves. The play met with a very favourable reception.

"IN HIS STEPS"

Messrs. Arthur Shirley and Sutton Vane have taken for the basis of their new romantic drama at the ADELPHI the Reverend C. M. Sheldon's religious novel "In His Steps," which some time since, under circumstances which will be remembered, attracted so much attention both in America and on this side of the Atlantic. Unfortunately the story does not lend itself kindly to dramatic treatment, and though *In His Steps* was received with favour—at least by the majority of the spectators on Monday evening—it can hardly be expected to enjoy a lasting popularity.

W. M. T.

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New Novels

"GHOSTS"

ANYBODY bent upon scaring an ordinarily imaginative child into a chronic nightmare cannot possibly do better than procure for him, or her, the volume entitled "Ghosts: being the Experiences of Flaxman Low," by K. and Hesketh Prichard (C. Arthur Pearson and Co.). The experiences in question by no means bear out the comfortable theory of some people when alone in the dark that "They"—meaning the Ghosts—"would not hurt us if they could, and could not if they would." Mr. Low's spectres are really not so much ghosts as malignant hobgoblins, bent upon promiscuous and wholesale murder. They have unpleasant ways of chasing one after dark across country, or catching one by the ankle as one is going downstairs. Mr. Flaxman Low, as a sort of Sherlock Holmes of the immaterial world, is generally a match for them in the long run: but as he is now understood to be investigating black magic somewhere in West Africa, his help is not at present available in an emergency. His several experiences are not especially well told: but their originality as well as weirdness of invention are patent to the strongest nerves.

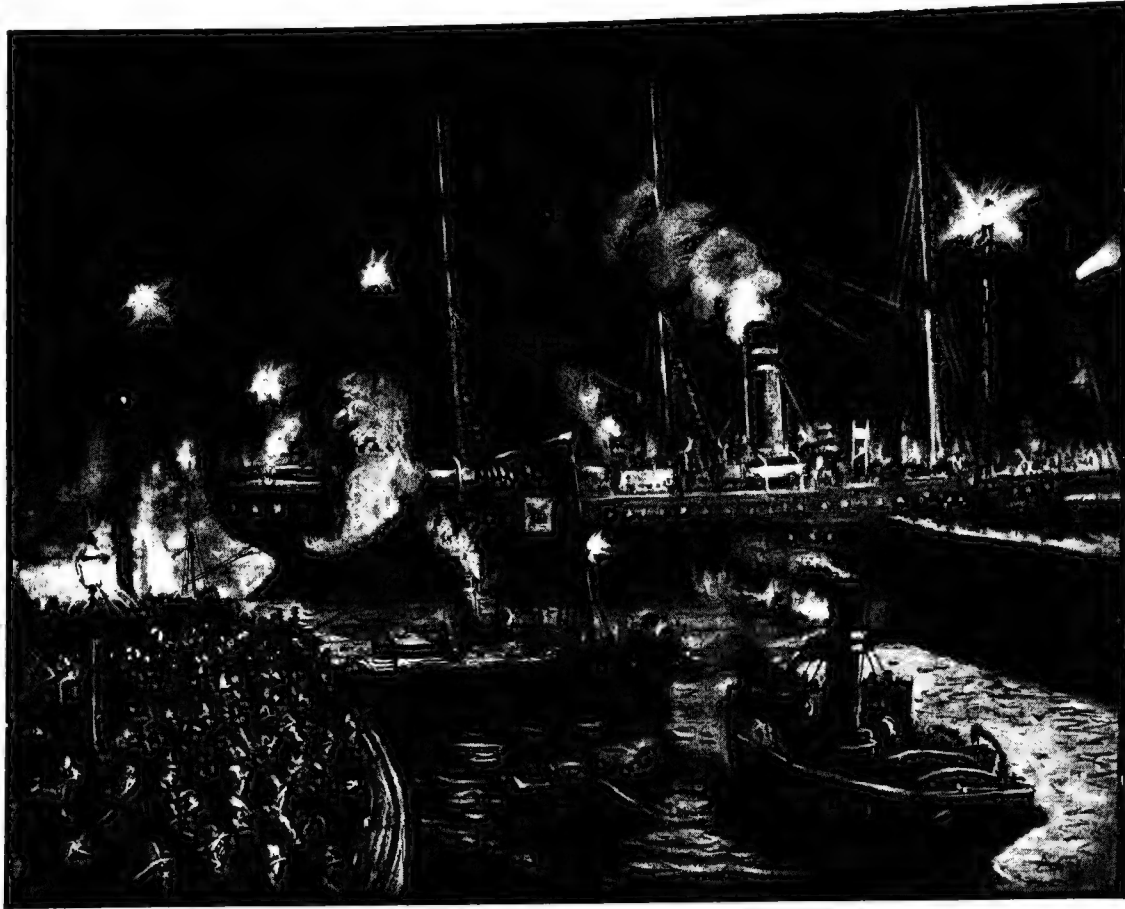
"THE PRINCE'S FEATHERS"

Mrs. Leith-Adams (Mrs. de Courcy Laffan) lays the scene of her new novel (Digby, Long, and Co.) in and about Leamington when first emerging into fashion. Its story is that of a pretty village girl, who breaks her parents' hearts by her elopement with an unnamed stranger, with a heartless and thoughtless cruelty on her part for which no excuse is offered or, indeed, imaginable. By most readers, whatever charm the novel may possess, will be found in its highly idyllic pictures of village life among Warwickshire orchards as it might have been some hundred years or more ago, and in its passages of pensive sentiment to which Mrs. Laffan's characteristic style lends itself so well.

"MISS MALEVOLENT"

Miss Kitty Nugent, otherwise her (and "The Hypocrite's") anonymous author's, "Miss Malevolent" (Greening and Co.) is

preliminarily described by one who knew her well as "a treacherous little devil; a thorough bad lot . . . she's not ordinarily deceitful either; she lies with intention to make mischief and do harm. . . . A base-minded little thing. She'd make a set of dice out of her aunt's knuckle-bones and toss you with them for her own soul . . . a brutal sort of young woman . . . that vulgar-minded little creature." And all this she proves to be till, finding all mischief-making but dead sea fruit, she, half in baffled passion and half in vindictive spite, takes a dose of poison. The author, if good at villainesses, is still better at puns. But the book contains many better things even than good puns—even than bad puns, which are notoriously better still. For example—"Paradox is only truth standing on its head to attract attention," is an exact definition very wittily turned.



Four companies of the Imperial Yeomanry embarked at Liverpool last week in the transport *Lake Erie*. Two were drawn from the Cheshire Yeomanry, one from the Lancashire Hussars, and one from the Warwickshire Yeomanry, the total complement being thirty-one officers, 505 non-commissioned officers and men, and about 300 horses. Upon arrival at the Lagoon Dock the yeomen were entertained to breakfast by the owners of the transport, Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co., and before sailing the contingent was inspected by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool. The *Lake Erie* sailed in the evening, and her departure was watched by large crowds. The scene shown up by the electric light was very picturesque. Our sketch is by A. Cox

A NIGHT SEND-OFF: DEPARTURE OF IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FROM LIVERPOOL

"TALES OF SPACE AND TIME"


All who care to know what might happen to the Earth, planet Neptune were to fall into the Sun, or how people in Surrey fifty thousand years ago, or will live two hundred hence, or something more than the telescope can tell about, will do well to consult Mr. H. G. Wells's "Tales of Space and Time" (Harper and Bros.). As a net result it is selfishly to realise that ours is about the last generation that will be living in; so that, after us, the sooner Neptune tumbles in the middle of posterity the better.

"DONNA TERESA"

It is certainly an awkward situation for an engaged man himself falling out of love with his *fiancée* and in love with her. Such is the predicament of one Walter Wilbraham, to whom, despite his priggishness, pedantry, Frances Mary Peabody allotted the part of heroine in a novel (Macmillan and Co.) which a reader who follows his story entirely gratified by his last pretty simpleton, Sylvia, winning the less pretty but much more sensible Teresa. It is needlessly hard on Sylvia, she should be the victim of an important mistake than Mr. Wilbraham's. Just as the latter Teresa but engaged himself to Sylvia, so did a crazy Sicilian shoot a bullet into Sylvia's heart for Wilbraham. It is too consequent, and its character too little attractive for abiding interest; but it is well and handsomely written.

"MORA"

Mr. T. W. Speight's "Mora: or, One Woman's History" (Greening and Co.), reads as if it had been written for the stage, to which it could be readily adapted. The plot, turning upon a good woman's wifehood to a scoundrel of a man, and a spy upon a secret, is of the requisitely strong, coloured and broadly handled. The parts are properly distributed, contrasted, and balanced. The scenes and situations lead well to their climax: and the speed— including set soliloquies which are needful—seem to be spoken with the accent of the stage. "Alas! at last! For a little while I dropped my mask!" begins the heroine to the audience—the first line says the reader. As it stands, the story is interesting and amusing enough; but it certainly requires a more appropriate form.



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War and Other Concerts

On Monday Lady Eleanor Harbord, a daughter of the Duke of Grafton, and a lady well known in Society as a clever mezzo-soprano, announced a special concert at Steinway Hall in aid of the Fund for the Officers' Wives and Children. Lady Eleanor was announced to sing some half a dozen French songs by Ambroise Thomas, Chaminade, Lambert and others, and likewise some American lullabies by Mrs. Needham. On Wednesday also, at the Albert Hall, a special concert was announced for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of Her Majesty's Colonial Forces in South Africa. The performance was organised by the British Empire League, and an orchestra, under Sir Alexander Mackenzie, with a choir of 750 voices from the Royal Academy and our leading choral societies took part; the chief vocalists announced being Madame Albani, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Watkin Mills.

It may, by the way, here be mentioned that for the important concert to be given under the management of the Marchioness Lansdowne's Committee at the Opera House on the 22nd inst., an arrangement has been made by which Madame Patti will, after all, be able to appear in a scene from an opera. At present Covent Garden is arranged as for the Fancy Dress Balls, so that the auditorium and the stage are upon a level; but a special platform will be erected across the proscenium, and the scene selected will, we believe, be that in Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, in which the so-called "Nightingale" duet occurs. In all probability Madame Patti will be associated in this scene with Mr. Lloyd, who in that case will, we believe, make his first appearance upon the operatic stage. Juliette, in the old Mario days of Covent Garden, was, it is hardly necessary to say, one of Madame Patti's favourite parts. The massed bands of the Household Brigade will take part, and already upwards of 4,000 of tickets have been disposed of.

The Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall have been resumed, an

excellent programme at the first concert since the New Year, given last week, drawing a large audience. Indeed the scheme was, more than is customarily the case at these entertainments devoted to ballads proper, some of which were greatly appreciated, particularly as to Helmund's new song, "The Daily Question," capably sung by Miss Marie Tempest, and a new war ballad, "The Ring of the Steel," by Mr. Tom Godfrey, sung by Mr. Price. Another new patriotic song, "The Handy Man," by Mr. Arthur Somervell, likewise, as sung by Mr. Kennerley Rumford, created much enthusiasm. At Queen's Hall, on Saturday, war songs were likewise strongly to the fore. The best of them was the setting by Mr. Adams (Maybrick) of Weatherley's "John Bull," given in spirited fashion by Mr. Lane Wilson. Settings by Mrs. Needham of two of Mr. Edward Lear's "Nonsense Songs" were likewise contributed by Miss Louise Dale, and Mr. Plunket Greene and others appeared.

M. Ysaye made his first appearance at the Popular Concert on Saturday. There is now little doubt that the Belgian violinist will at these entertainments eventually take the place of Dr. Joachim, who, we regret to learn, has practically decided not again to visit this country in the winter. Dr. Joachim is, indeed, now approaching that three-score years and ten, after which, according to the Psalmist, life is hardly worth living, and when, at any rate, a provincial tour in England in the depths of winter is an experience which may prudently be avoided. Nevertheless, Joachim will, we have the best reason to believe, occasionally visit London during the height of the fashionable season, to play in public and elsewhere, and also, as he whimsically says, to see the horses in Rotten Row.

The Crystal Palace Concerts will commence for the season on the 24th inst. Among the novelties announced are a new contralto Scena, entitled "Cleopatra," by Miss Frances Allitsen, composed expressly for Miss Clara Butt; a new Symphonic Poem by Mr. Hilbrooke, suggested by Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven;" and a new Symphony, entitled "Walt Whitman," by Mr. W. Henry Bell. Herr Rosenthal is one of the artists engaged.

Rural Notes


THE SEASON

"Age cannot change or custom stale the infinite of the British climate. It is, as Stevenson said of it else, "a bazaar of dangerous and smiling chances," glimpses of sunshine which may pass for its laughter enable us to forget for long the dangers of its north-east Kingsley's favourite wind—which repaid his encomium of him—is said to be extirpating the influenza, but of this, and its price, we feel inclined to agree with the farmer in San Francisco whose up-country cousin, alarmed at local disturbances, sent his son to stay in the safer city district a week, the acute Frisco is said to have telegraphed: "Take back your boy and let us have the earthquake!" The mild January gave us rotten roads and dripping mists along the waterways, and fogs in the cities. There was all against threshing corn, stored flour tended to mildew and stored apples and potatoes to fungoid growths. Snow and sleet and icy winds which February brought of a change are dangerous for live stock, and especially the forward breeds of sheep. They are all against life, except, perhaps, that of the hardy wheat. It is remarkable how often within the past decade the worst weather year has come very late in the winter season. Last year was a severe snowstorm on March 21, and there were night frosts between then and the end of the month. The end of January the reports from the early lambing were exceedingly satisfactory, but the next letters to be only be looked forward to with apprehension. The farmer is already beginning to buy fine seed barley, and is up to 2s. per qr. for it. He will not, however, begin for another fortnight even should the snow quickly melt, price of barley does not warrant a large area being sown season.



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Readers of the preliminary announcements which the *Standard* made regarding its issue of the new "Library of Famous Literature" will recall the express conditions upon which the present offer was made.

Instead of putting a very high price upon the first edition, with the intention of afterwards reducing this price from time to time, as has been the usual custom with publishers, the *Standard* announced that it would receive subscriptions in advance of the day of publication at the lowest price possible with the character and cost of the work. The result of this offer was an advance subscription for 3,000 sets before a single set could be delivered. Even after delivery was begun, the binders could hardly keep pace with the incoming subscriptions, so that now the orders for nearly 2,000 sets still remain unfilled. So long as it was impossible to make immediate delivery of the books, the *Standard* has kept its offer open, and, under this arrangement, 8,000 sets of the Library have been subscribed for up to the present time.

A large force is now at work binding up the last sets of the present edition, so that not only all present subscribers soon be supplied, but the remaining sets of the edition will also be ready for delivery at an early date. It is in view of these circumstances that the *Standard* now announces that its advance of publication offer must be withdrawn. The present

arrangement, whereby it is possible to secure the Library at about half the regular price and the complete work, the entire twenty volumes, is sent to the subscriber all at one time, can remain open but a little while longer.

The twenty volumes of the Library, in its different styles of binding, may be seen at the *Standard* Office, or at the establishment of Messrs. Chappell and Co., pianoforte manufacturers, 50, New Bond Street, or the *Standard* will send to any address, post paid, a large handsomely illustrated Prospectus of one hundred pages, giving a complete account of the Library, together with specimen pages, specimen illustrations, and the like. But application must be made at once. The offer made by the *Standard* has been unprecedented in character, and likewise in result. The "Library of Famous Literature" has had the largest advance sale of any work ever published in Great Britain. There can hardly be any doubt, from the letters which the *Standard* has received from its early subscribers, that this great work must eventually find its way into every home in Great Britain where books are valued and read. But those who neglect the present opportunity will do so at a double cost; they will be compelled to pay a higher price, when they might have the Library now, at a low price, on the easiest terms, with all the pleasure that these twenty rich-stored volumes may bring to themselves and their families.

WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS THINK.

Below are printed a few letters from among the hundreds which the *Standard* has received from early subscribers to the Library, who now have these richly bound volumes in their homes. Intending subscribers may read with interest, especially the letter in small black type. The latter affirms what the *Standard* has said repeatedly—that it is next to impossible to give, by means of any mere printed description, or specimen pages and specimen illustrations, an adequate idea of the great work which Dr. Garnett and his associates have produced. Only an actual day-by-day use of the Library may reveal its true value, the true wealth of its contents.

The *Standard* will send, to any address, post paid, the large 100-page Prospectus of the Library. It tells much, it has been made as complete as a Prospectus may be made; but the attempt is, after all, much like trying to give a friend an idea of all the varied features of the Exposition to be held in Paris this summer, by means of a few pages from a catalogue. The judgment of actual subscribers is that, in almost every instance, the library exceeds expectations, and goes far beyond all that the *Standard* has said of it.

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SYDNEY T. KLEIN, F.L.S., F.R.A.S.

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I received my copy of your "Library of Famous Literature" at a month ago. Truly, it is "infinite riches in a little room." The price I paid for it I consider it the best investment I ever made in the purchase of literature. I and my family derived so much pleasure and interest from our reading—and there is enough for a lifetime—that nothing would induce us to part with our copy.

J. WILKINSON.

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Gayton House, Ashted, Surrey.

Dear Sirs:

Now that I have received my copies of "Famous Literature," I am beyond measure pleased with them.

It seems to me, however, that the public should by some means be better acquainted with the real nature of the publication.

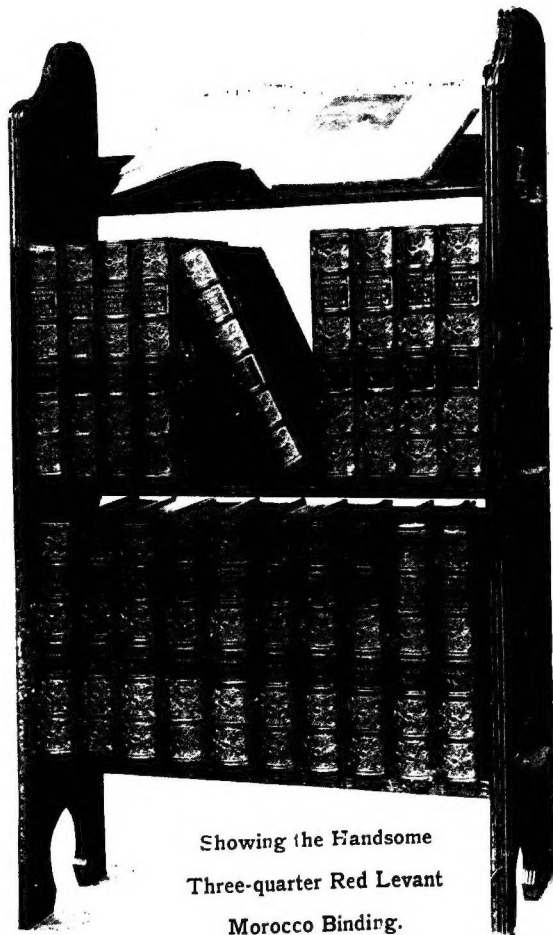
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iron tail." Poorly fed cows will sometimes give milk below the average in fat to an extent suggesting deliberate skimming, and there may also be a great excess of water in milk from cows fed exclusively on wet pastures. The committee consists of Lord Wenlock, Major Craigie, Mr. George Barham (Express Dairy), Mr. Cowan, Mr. Farmer, Mr. Murphy, with Professor Thorpe and Mr. Augustus Voelcker, the eminent analysts. It is a strong committee, and with Mr. Rew as its secretary it should do good public service in an undeniably difficult matter.

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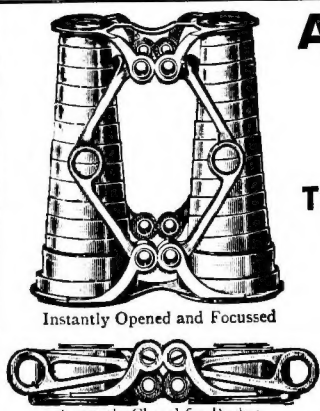
smaller than might be imagined, but it has other advantages in its addition to the humidity of the soil. It protects the autumn sown wheat and rye from the cutting winds which "burn" the blades, blackening the edges, and by thus destroying the power of past growth, throwing increased labour on the future, thereby diminishing the chances of a large crop. It also lays down a certain quantity of aerial nitrogen, and to this cause is usually ascribed the increased greenness of vegetation when the snow covering melts off it. The actual warmth of a foot of snow is not great, but it is enough in a merely sub-arctic country in England to keep off the majority of frosts. In really arctic countries the snowfall is usually much deeper than a foot.

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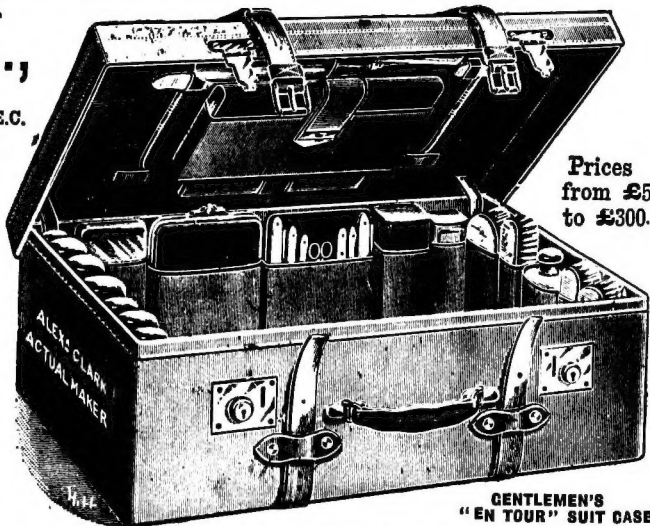
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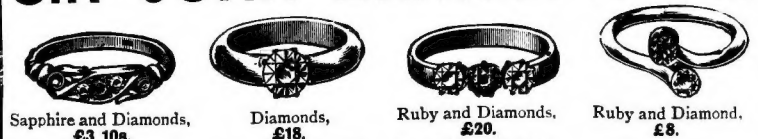
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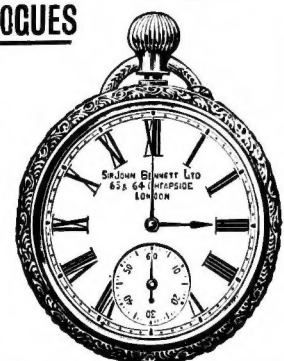
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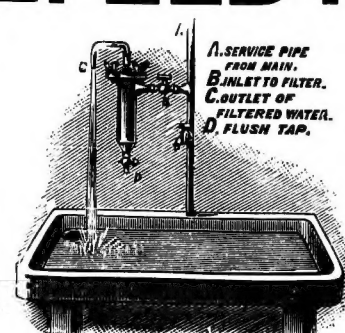
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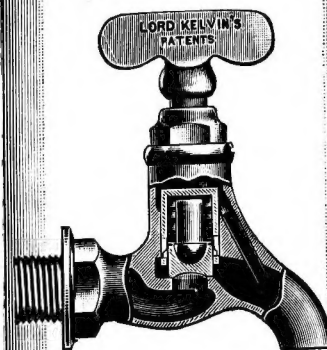
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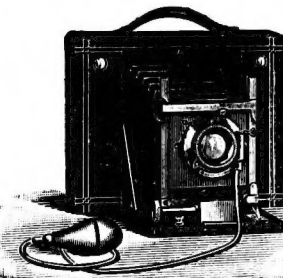
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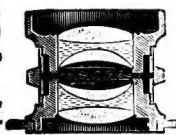


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